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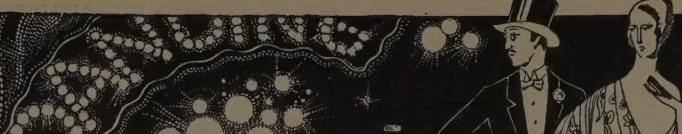
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When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest PLAY GUIDE, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York, you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.

Address: The Play Guide,
THEATRE MAGAZINE,
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THE PLAY GUIDE

Every week a new night club opens, and there are any number more listed for the near future. The Play Guide feels you will get about an even break on the situation if you take its suggestion first, and then strike out fortuitously for yourself.

NEW YORK has returned to its own sweet, seasonable normalcy. Plays are crowding the theatres and night life is in full pace, with most of the supper clubs of last year a-going and new ones a-starting. We are once again fiendishly hectic and happy, thrilled day by day with the satisfying thought that there are always new fields to conquer, always more to cover than one can possibly keep up with. That obviates against satiety of living, or don't you think so?

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS CASA


THE last new night club of importance to swing into space is that of Casa Lopez, which Vincent Lopez has opened in the former Rue de la Paix on West Fifty-fourth Street. The place has a Continental aspect in its decorations, particularly as to its spacious entrance, where an imposing staircase ascends, backed by a large Willy Pogany panel of spicy Parisian flavor, and the room for dancing and dining is charming. In it cleverly contrived lighting produces a languishingly becoming soft blue haze, a feature that should be of interest to those ladies specializing in the art of make-up, and perchance also to brunettes, since it gives them an even break with the natural advantages blondes are said to have over them (page Anita Loos!) in the race for partners. Moreover, the dancing floor at Casa Lopez is nicely raised above the tables, so that one may see

who is present, and what they wear, and how they dance, as well as view easily the *petit divertissement* which comes on along towards midnight.

In this entertainment is the famous team of Tamara and Fowler, who dance their different interpretations of the tango, among them that of the fiery "gaucho" or Argentine cowboy . . . the Ritz Quartet . . . and Lopez himself, who sits down at the piano, and plays simply but enchantingly, as well as conducting several specialty numbers. He looks most handsome and distinguished as he does so, and by precept and example is encouraging the wearing of full dress instead of the "smoking," such as he found the vogue at the smart night clubs of London and Paris during his recent triumphal *tournee* therein.

IN COSMOPOLITANIA

MR. LOPEZ wants his place to be cosmopolitan, to gather in and amalgamate through the magic strains of his dance music both simple and sophisticated, all the various elements in fact that go to make up the night life of New York . . . and he bids fair to do so. The night we were there we noted particularly the representation of Scandinavia in a little group of good-looking male Nordics, which comprised among others, we were told, the Swedish "Match King," the Swedish Consul, Mr. Olaf Lamm, who is arranging to bring over the Crown Prince of Sweden this Spring, and a Mr. Prokopei (we hope he's



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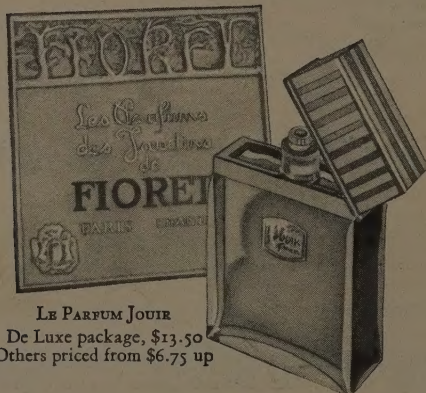
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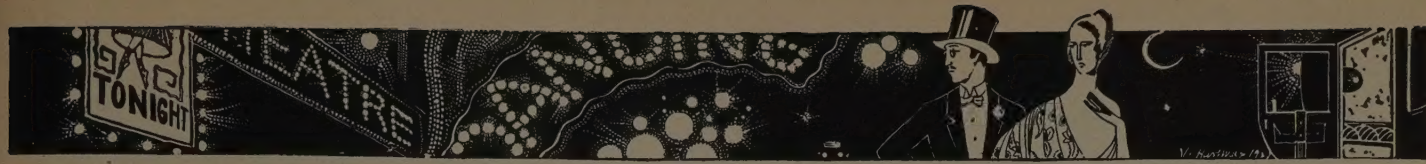
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spelled aright), Minister of Foreign Relations from Finland. (Finland, contrary to all one's preconceived notions as a land of Esquimaux, must be instead a unique moving-picture kind of country, since they seem to choose their ministers while still young and beautiful.) We also glimpsed that same evening Mr. and Mrs. Mark Luescher with a smart party.

May we add that with all that is offered, the covert charge at Casa Lopez is only a dollar and a half and the prices most reasonable.

If you like the movies, go to The Embassy, Broadway's latest moving-picture house, whose nominal director

is the enterprising Gloria Gould, for the atmosphere created by the theatre's proportions and decorations is most engaging. As a bright young thing, who had lived abroad, said, the interior with its somewhat globular shape and its scarlet picked out with gold, was like a *petit carousel*, and one had the feeling that at any moment it might start turning round. The Embassy is very easy on the eyes, as we can specially bear witness, since applying late and being unable to obtain any seats save on the last row, we still found the screen surprisingly clear and near.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL EVENTS OF THE MONTH

New York Symphony Orchestra—Carnegie Hall.—Thursday afternoons, December 3, 17; Saturday afternoons for young people, December 5, 26; Saturday morning for children, November 28.

Mecca Auditorium—Carnegie Hall.—Sunday afternoons, November 22, 29.

Brooklyn Academy of Music.—Saturday afternoons, November 21, December 19.

Town Hall.—Tuesday evening, December 1, Boy Scouts of America, meeting; Wednesday evening, December 2, Suzanne Kenyon, song recital; Thursday afternoon, December 3, concert under the auspices of the Colored Committee of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Diocese of New York; Thursday evening, December 3, Marcia Palesti, song recital; Friday evening, December 4, League for Political Education, lecture; Saturday afternoon, December 5, Carl Flesch, violin recital; Saturday evening, December 5, Shuro Cherkassy, piano recital; Monday evening, December 7, Paul Roes, piano recital; Tuesday evening, December 8, Freda Williams, song recital; Wednesday evening, December 9, Frances Hall, piano recital; Thursday evening, December 10, Roderick White, violin recital; Friday noon, December 11, lecture under the auspices of the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist; Friday evening, December 11, League for Political Education, lecture; Saturday evening, December 12, Yale Glee Club concert; Sunday afternoon, December 13, Society of the Friends of Music, Artur Bodanzky, conductor; Monday evening, December 14, Nancy Wilson, cello recital; Tuesday evening, December 15, joint recital by Rhea Silberta, composer-pianist, and Maria Rosamond, dramatic soprano; Wednesday evening, December 16, Joseph Shlisky, song recital; Thursday evening, December 17, David Sterkin, violin recital; Friday evening, December 18, Tollefsen Trio; Saturday afternoon, December 19, Miracle Play, presented by the Children's Theatre of Greenwich House, with music by pupils of Greenwich House Music School; Saturday evening, December 19, Mt. Holyoke College Glee Club concert; Sunday afternoon, December 20, Society of the Friends of Music; Monday evening, December 21, Flora Greenfield, song recital; Tuesday evening, December 22, American Orchestral Society; Wednesday evening, December 23, Adele aus der Ohe, benefit concert; Saturday evening, December 26, Festival of Jewish Music, given under the auspices of Young Judea of New York City; Monday evening, December 28, Beethoven Association; Tuesday evening, December 29, League of Composers, De Falla's opera, *El Retablo*, conducted by Willem Mengelberg, Wanda Landowska at the harpsichord; Wednesday evening, December 30, John Coates, song recital; Thursday evening, December 31, organ recital arranged by Fay Leone Faurote.

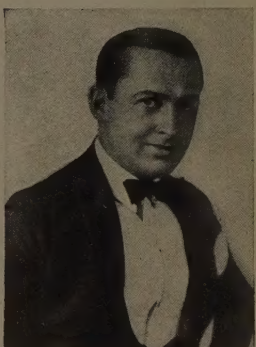


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THE beginning of the New Year will find the theatre at the peak of its activity. Since the season opened there have been many brilliant *premieres*, but the more important of the new plays are still to come. For this reason, THEATRE MAGAZINE for January is a number not to be missed. Not only will it present articles and pictures dealing with the coming novelties, but also a number of special features of timely interest.

AN important event of the current season was the production of *The Enemy*, a new play by Channing Pollock, who wrote that tremendous success, *The Fool*. The new play is a powerful argument against the futility of war. So impressed are the trustees of the Andrew Carnegie Peace Foundation with the value of the drama as propaganda in the cause of universal peace, that they have given the play their official endorsement and appropriated a quarter of a million dollars to exploit it. To the January THEATRE MAGAZINE Channing Pollock contributes an article showing how the idea of *The Enemy* came to him and how the play gradually took shape.

IN the preparation and presenting of a play there is as much irrepressible fun and spontaneous gaiety as attend an interesting game. Archie Bell, a delightful humorist, gives in the January issue an entertaining account of some of the unique and comic accidents which befall players during rehearsals and actual performances.

WHO is America's greatest playwright? Some people swear by the author of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Others, better informed, are inclined to hand the laurels to Eugene O'Neill, author of *Anna Christie*, *Desire Under the Elms*, etc. But a writer in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for January shows how far short O'Neill falls of true greatness. It is an informative, original article which

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no one interested in the personalities of our theatre should miss.

AMONG the younger publishers and newcomers in the producing field no one has attracted more attention than Horace Liveright, who showed an artistic feeling for and a shrewd knowledge of the theatre with his presentation of *The Firebrand*. Mr. Liveright has written an article for the January THEATRE MAGAZINE, giving a frank and fresh viewpoint of a man of letters confronted with the practical needs of the present-day theatre.

IF there's any place about the theatre where the glamour of romance never fades it is the stage-door. No figure is more sphinxlike or more autocratic than the stage-door man, who watches with piercing eye the ardent stage-door Johnnies and infatuated matinee girls who besiege his gate. It is he who receives the roses and the mash notes. He it is who can narrate countless unprinted stories about the great stage stars. The January issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE has an article devoted to the various types of stage-door men.

AND THE PICTURES

SCENES from all the successful plays. Beautiful half-tone portraits of your favorite players. Another clever cartoon by Massaguer, the noted Cuban artist. Another full-page portrait in our interesting Gallery of Play Producers, lovely photographic studies of popular dancers, pictures of players in their intimate haunts away from the theatre.

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CHAPIN MARCUS

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII. No. 297

DECEMBER, 1925



Photo White

ETHEL BARRYMORE

As Ophelia in Walter Hampden's Production of "Hamlet"



Strauss-Peyton

THE PRODUCERS. No. 2: LEE SHUBERT

Head of the Shubert Theatre Corporation, Lee Shubert is to-day one of the most conspicuous figures in the producing field. He started his career in Syracuse, New York, where, together with his eldest brother, the late Sam S. Shubert, he purchased the rights to Hoyt's farce, "The Texas Steer." With the profits of this venture they acquired theatres up-State and twenty-five years ago came to New York, buying the old Herald Square. The Messrs. Shubert have had great success in the fields of spectacle and operetta, notably their revues and musical productions, such as the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, "The Lady in Ermine," "The Last Waltz," "Maytime," "The Rose of Stamboul," "Blossom Time," "The Love Song," "The Student Prince," "Naughty Riquette," etc. To-day their show interests are the most extensive in the world.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Managers Who Do Not Manage

WERE not Mr. Hampden already an acknowledged leader in our theatre, his determined effort to put an end to that intolerable nuisance—late curtain rising—would earn for him the gratitude of all theatregoers. Mr. Belasco, too, has always insisted on the performance beginning punctually. His curtain, also, goes up at the time advertised and late comers who straggle in at any old time know by experience that they are likely to miss half the first act. Serve them right!

Other managers are not so considerate for their punctual patrons. Far from making any effort to begin on time, they actually hold the curtain until the stragglers are all in. They give no thought to those among their patrons who have taken the trouble to reach the theatre early. On the contrary, they penalize the latter by making them sit and idly twiddle their thumbs for twenty minutes, while Mr. Late Comer is sipping his after-dinner coffee and making his way to the play leisurely. By way of apology, when Mr. Late Comer condescends to explain at all, the delay is blamed to traffic conditions. The answer to this is that if the traffic is known to be heavy, one should start from home ten minutes earlier.

Why advertise a performance to begin at 8.30 P. M. when 8.45 P. M. is the actual time meant? Why mislead one's patrons? Can one imagine a railroad traffic manager advertising a train to leave at 8.30 and having it pull out at 8.45? Sometimes, maybe, but not as a steady diet. If 8.30 is too early for the play to begin, if such unseemly rushing to the playhouse as early attendance involves interferes with the digestion of late diners, why not make it 9 or even 11 o'clock? That hour might suit far better those amusement seekers who, once they are out, like to make a night of it. If, for instance, the play began at eleven and ended at two in the morning, they would still have time for a round of the cabarets before toddling home with the milkman. The theatre would thus gain the patronage of a lot of "smart" people who now find early theatregoing somewhat *bourgeois*. On the other hand, it might run the risk of losing an even larger number of its present patrons who not only include punctuality among the virtues, but find early bed-going a pleasure not to be overlooked.

Theatrical Funeral Parlors

A FUNERAL parlor is a sad place, a very necessary place, a place to which we may all of us have to be taken sooner or later, but it is hardly a place of which one likes to be reminded each time one goes to the theatre. The playhouse is the land of make-believe, the realm of illusion, fantasy, colorful imagination. The auditorium, before the curtain rises, and while the spectators are arriving, should be a place of soft lights, warm colors, low music. The old orchestra, for motives of economy, has been abolished. Few regretted its departure because, under the batons of self-advertisement seeking conductors, it often became too blatant and noisy. But even in the absence of an orchestra, the auditorium might be made far more cheer-

ful and attractive than it now is. It is largely a matter, not of money expenditure, but of common sense. The present method of illumination, while the house is filling up, is all wrong. Turning all the lights full on, without making any attempt to subdue them with shades or colored globes, makes the house garish, cold, too revealing. The lights should be lowered or masked, if only to hide the soiled, threadbare floor covering, the grime on the walls, the shabby curtain. The average theatre auditorium, before the rise of the curtain, is about as gloomy, cold and unattractive a place as one could well imagine. One enters it as one enters a morgue and that creepy, dismal impression remains until the lights are lowered and the play begins. Where's the sense of it? If the theatre is the land of make-believe, let the make-believe begin before the curtain goes up. If the carpet is threadbare and the chairs shabby, let the lowered lights make people think they are rich and beautiful. Get your audience into the mood. Don't chill it and depress it before the play begins.

Every Man His Own Dramatic Critic

"EACH theatregoer his own critic"—that is the latest slogan of one of the big newspaper owners in England. Lord Beaverbrook, who owns three important London dailies, took exception to what Mr. Hannen Swaffer, one of his dramatic critics, said about the American production, *Mercenary Mary*. In his notice of the play Mr. Swaffer remarked that it needed "more humor and some players who can sing." His employer, disagreeing with this verdict, sent to the *Sunday Express* (his own paper) the following communication:

"While, on the one hand, I would not think, as the principal shareholder of a newspaper, of trammeling the right of distinguished dramatic critics to give their true and unbiased opinion of plays they see, I claim, on the other, equal freedom to record my own impressions. I would not attempt to curtail their liberty—but I reserve for myself the single liberty too—that of dissent. I thought *Mercenary Mary* one of the most wholesome and delightful entertainments I have ever seen. It is conspicuous for prettiness of stage setting, charm of music and real wit and humor of the book."

One wonders what would have happened to this *communiqué* if Lord Beaverbrook were not majority shareholder. It might possibly have received the honors of the front page, but more likely it would have been consigned to the waste-paper basket. The noble lord puts himself in the anomalous position of contradicting his own newspaper, for, after all, the notice objected to was not so much his critic's individual opinion as that of the *Sunday Express* itself. A critic is hired, as a trained expert, to give an opinion as to the merit of a play. His review is as much the newspaper's editorial opinion as any other opinion given on the editorial page.

If it be the contention of Lord Beaverbrook that one man's opinion is as good as another, that the judgment of the shoeblack on the corner regarding the merits of any given performance is every bit as reliable as that of the trained critic, why employ critics at all? Think of the saving in dollars and cents if the high-salaried reviewer could be dispensed with and his job filled just as well by the janitor.



PAULINE LORD—AN AMERICAN ACTRESS OF DISTINCTION

(Camera study made specially for Theatre Magazine by Dr. Arnold Genthe)

Who Is the Best American Actress?

A Discussion as to the Claims of Sundry Leading Women to National Recognition

By MARC GOODRICH

[The following article, by a thoughtful and forceful writer in the theatre, presents a frank point of view, an individual opinion, of course, to which THEATRE MAGAZINE itself does not necessarily subscribe. We shall welcome other judgments from our readers. Possibly some of the younger actresses themselves would like to give their views. All interested in the subject are invited to take part in the discussion.—EDITOR.]

OUT of the turmoil attending the birth of a great theatre in America there has begun to arise a native literature and tradition, not the least interesting concomitant of which is a large, competent acting personnel. The meritoriously outstanding male names of this congregation are not hard to hit upon. The lines are plainly and ably drawn; there would seem to be no disputing that the John Barrymore, who impersonated Hamlet, enjoys a sometimes begrudged but indubitable peerlessness and that the Lionel Barrymore, who impersonated the editor in *The Claw*, is a hard and fast runner-up. But the reputations and evaluations of the actresses suffer no such unanimity. There is a long list of practised and often thrilling women who receive respectable salaries for their interpretations and whose names connected with a theatrical offering will attract thousands to its box-office. But when the question arises as to which of them is the "best" or the "greatest," the conversation in which it is waded becomes a passionately contested field on which nearly as many knights as there are actresses mentioned rush to the battle, armored in the rhetoric of partisan conviction. There seem to be some crests, both new and old, however, that have gone nearly scatheless, not only amidst the esoteric exchanges of the amateurs but also in the public brawls of the critics and journalists. The most conspicuous of these crests, excepting for traditional reasons such imposing souvenirs as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin and Ethel Barrymore, appear to be those of Clare Eames, Katharine Cornell, Lenore Ulric, Laurette Taylor and Pauline Lord.

IF the decision were to be made only from the somewhat statistical eminence of the greatest variety of parts played since the war and the successful application of distinguished interpretation to the greatest number of high-powered pieces of dramatic writing, then there would remain nothing to do but trumpet retreat and award the guerdon to Clare Eames. Her record runs a gamut from Ibsen's *Hedda*, through Elizabeth in Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*, Sidney Howard's *Swords*, a comic matron in *Fashion*, *The First Fifty Years*, a fifty-year-old woman in Vajda's *The Little Angel*, an insane woman in Strindberg's *The Spook Sonata* and Prossie in Shaw's *Candida* to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, through which ambush of ponderous misery, as Lady Macbeth, she swirled like a thin, vermillion vortex. To compare to this record of only six years that somewhat longer one of Laurette Taylor's whole "Broadway" career is, no doubt, to indulge

in invidiousness: but if the issue be faced dispassionately it must be admitted that Miss Taylor has left behind her, with possibly three exceptions, a heap of cheap, commercial, rattling vehicles which in their very class appear inferior; and of the three exceptions two have the reputation of anointing in sure success any stock actress who may essay them. To protest that if she had seen fit to use her talent to interpret difficult characterizations and transcendental writing, she might have been great is irrelevant critically: thus Hartley Manners cannot be placed reasonably among the immortals as a greater dramatist than Shakespeare on the basis that he might have outwritten the Elizabethan if he had tried to write the same quality of thing. Critically, an interpreter must of necessity himself measure up to the kind of things he devotes his life to interpreting; and in Miss Taylor's case this means *Peg o' My Heart*, *Happiness*, *Humoresque*, *Out There*, *The Harp of Life*, *One Night in Rome*, *Nell Gwynn* and *The National Anthem*. Some are of the opinion that one can be judged also by the things one fails at: Miss Taylor failed, from a critical standpoint, in *Pierrot the Prodigal*.

AT first glance it would appear simple, by the means used, to arrive at some conclusion as to the merits of these five actresses: it would appear that from the lack of greatness in the things interpreted Laurette Taylor, Lenore Ulric and Katharine Cornell have not shown themselves to be great actresses, and that in point of variety and caliber of rôles adequately interpreted, Miss Eames is their indubitable superior. But these conclusions seem to leave Katharine Cornell slightly but exigently unaccounted for. Her record when compared to that of Miss Eames shows up rather badly: it includes conspicuously *Little Women*, *Will Shakespeare*, *Casanova*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, *The Way Things Happen*, *The Outsider*, *Tiger Cats*, *The Green Hat* and *Candida*. This is an entertaining, and in spots charming, but, with the exception of the last item, an unequivocally mediocre list, and it does not explain why she is, perhaps, the most popular actress in New York. As the basis of a comparative test, it fails to indicate the powerful, sympathetic, irrelevant effluvia that she pours democratically out over the footlights, and which has enabled her in several more or less unimportant plays to send considerable hordes into middle-class ecstasy. She has achieved notable success in vehicles where this effluvia of irretrievably tortured youth and goodness has not run athwart complicated characterization and dramatic writing more interesting than

her personality. In *Candida*, where the play was the thing and there was no complete opportunity to inundate the audience with her specialized personality, she did not really get out of the part of *Candida* all that the author had written into it. What the audience got was not greatly interpreted Shaw, but diluted Cornell. When in *Tiger Cats*, a shabby piece of dramatic writing, she endeavored to act a part that had little to do with her personality, she failed. In extenuation, friendly critics said that while she did not "get over" in the part, yet she gave "a perfect technical performance." If she had had at her disposal but a portion of the technic that Helen Hayes recently used to pull a weak play, *Quarantine*, through a successful run, *Tiger Cats* might not have been the failure that it was. But even at her most poignant best, during certain moments of *The Outsider*, for instance, she did not achieve the exquisite pathos with which Mildred MacLeod etched delicate lines of agony against the Greek-like pageant of *Wild Birds*; and it is in this field that she is a specialist.

Pauline Lord becomes, in the meshes of this test, completely and strangely unmanageable: she implies extravagantly more than any of the others that it is not an adequate test, that for her there must, of necessity, be something else, that in comparing the others a certain critical satisfaction seems to accrue that is lacking when they as a group or individually are compared to her. Only similar things cogently can be compared: it may be that in investigating this seeming inability to compare Pauline Lord to her contemporaries, there may be found something so dissimilar that it nullifies the test of comparison. To put it negatively, it may be that these other four actresses are brilliant, competent, engaging and alluring, but that they have in common, ranging in degree from the distinguished Clare Eames downward, an appreciable lack of histrionic greatness. They may be steeped in thrilling talent; but they are untainted by genius.

ACTING always has been conventional. It always has traveled in certain grooves and used the same symbols since the time of Æschylus. It is almost as easy to see that this is true as it is to perceive that table manners are a matter of convention. Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse and John Barrymore used radically different technic, perhaps, to descend to their goals; but their tools and their attitudes toward them were identical. The ultimate symbol of their endeavors is the figure of the long-haired, white-faced actor with his tense hand stuck angularly into his breast. Audiences have

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The Perfect Theatre

An Excerpt from Wintergreen's "History of the Theatre" 2986 A. D.

By GILBERT SELDES

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Wintergreen's History of the Theatre was broadcasted in the year 2986 and simultaneously recorded on the radiograph which had by that time taken the place of books. It was at once recognized as the authoritative history of the primitive theatre, especially of the years between 1900 and 1948. Where Wintergreen got his information on the American theatre is an interesting question; at times he is both accurate and incisive; at others his sources seem to have failed him. He alludes once to Sir Wolcott Brown as a dramatic critic attached to a radio station, and attributes his own interest in the drama to the fact that he is related on his mother's side to the Hon. William Shakespeare Wintergreen, another American critic, who was, in turn, descended from Shakespeare, "at that time considered a great playwright and the obvious inspiration of his immediate and superior followers, Percy Mackaye and Bernarr MacFadden Shaw." In spite of these discrepancies, Wintergreen's perspective and good sense make his remarks worth reading.]

THE perfect theatre arrived in America in the year 1935 and lasted for ten years, at the end of which time an anxious government decided that the good of the community required all theatre-going to cease. To understand the perfect theatre, as the managers and audiences of that day called it, and particularly to understand why it was necessary to close all the theatre buildings in America after ten years of perfection, a few facts about the previous era are necessary. First of all, a physical fact which moderns find difficult of comprehension. Although most of the significant action of the drama, from 1900 on, was produced by trap-doors, firearms, magic lanterns, hydraulic lifting machines and other mechanical devices, the ingenuity of the people of the twentieth century was so meager that they actually had to have living human beings to act on their stages. The kino-drama, or moving picture, had not yet won its way, and only one producer, John Gordon Craig, who operated a "stock company" in Boston and Florence, Italy, saw the advantages of the animated puppet as we know it to-day. The result was inevitable. So long as human beings walked, talked, gesticulated and posed on the stage, the dramatist was helpless; his work *had* to be realistic. He could, and often did, make his characters say the most impossible things; but they remained characters. Fancy, fantasy, imagination were all displaced by the overbearing necessity to be real, to correspond to the things which everyone in the audience believed. For some twenty years the producer, De Belasco, aggravated the difficulty by making the settings as real as the people, and by virtue of his position as dictator of stagecraft imposed the same requirements upon all other producers, with the exception of a few who clandestinely produced private theatricals in Chicago, Greenwich Village, Stamfordconn and other small towns.

All would have gone well with the theatre of real life if it had not been for the production of Shaw's *Unpleasant Plays for Unpleasant People*, which was instantly

followed by "a deluge of dirty plays," to quote a contemporary record. What it was in these plays that shocked the sensibilities of a hardy race, we cannot now tell with certainty. Sexual irregularity and the presentation of depraved characters, we assume, were the principal offenses; but we have left the even more shocking note of one critic that in a play entitled *She Had to Know What They Wanted*, one character took off the collar and tie of his dress shirt and in that costume played nearly an entire act. Harlots and harem girls and women who were good, but wanted to be bad, as the old saying had it, provided entertainment on the stage; the dramatists would, no doubt, have made these characters attractive; but the realistic theatre forbade, and they appeared in all their hideousness. Until the cry went up, "Vice is so ugly in real life, why must we have it made ugly on the stage as well?" And people were wont to say, "When I go to the theatre I want to see a play with happiness in it, where the wicked and the vicious live happily ever after." The dramatists, always the guardians of morality in America, refused to compromise, saying that they must hold the reflector up to nature. The depressant effect on large populations became notable.

IN 1923 a crusade against these plays began. To the *première* of each play the producer was soon required to invite, without expense to them, eight hundred (some authorities say eighteen hundred) representatives of popular morality; it is even stated in one history that he had to pay each representative with a "ducat," a gold coin of the value of \$4.40 theoretically, but costing from \$11 to \$16.50 on the sidewalk. These eight hundred authorities would shout down the actors whenever a bawdy word or unpleasant gesture occurred, and the author and director stood by to make eliminations and substitutions. Certain hardships were inevitable, but in the end the jury system, as it was called, worked smoothly, especially with the help of the police. Under the mayorship of Dr. Roach-Straton no less than twenty producers and sixteen dramatists were put into solitary confinement; the aforesaid De Belasco, then an old man, died under the strain, clutching to his bosom the medal of honor given to him by the government of France; one O'Neill, a dramatist, was found poisoned in his cell; a producer named Carroll, who had previously been made an earl for his labors, was jailed and released sixty-four times in one season alone, the charge in each case being false representation—as it was claimed that the actual persons of his choruses were not so lovely as those appearing in photographs in the lobby.

These small irritations eventually passed away, and the day of the perfect theatre

was at hand. No play of dubious propriety was ever allowed to reach the boards. At first the Pure-Play League sent out bulletins praising only the pure plays; but as wilful individuals still flocked to those not mentioned in these bulletins, more drastic measures were necessary. By order of the central government, a hiatus occurred in the presentation of new plays and only such old plays were permitted in revival as could be proved harmless. On the sworn testimony of ten adults that they had seen and been corrupted by a play, it was denied repetition. But the reason for suspending production of new plays was even more scientific.

The plays were actually produced, but not presented to the public. Instead, there sat a small committee and before this committee appeared, in addition to those engaged in the play, six vestals and six youths, all of unquestioned probity of character, innocence of experience and purity of mind. These six were subjected to the play as to an inoculation. They were then returned to their former life, but even more carefully guarded, so that no other influence for evil might attack them. If at the end of five years they showed no signs of moral obliquity and no deviation from rectitude, the play was considered harmless and presented to the public.

ALTHOUGH the disabilities of this system were great, its scientific accuracy commended it to the people. Playwrights who wrote on timely themes found their work a little outmoded at the end of the period of probation and had to revise extensively. Even worse, rival playwrights, jealous of the success of Winchell-Smith, deliberately tried to poison the mind of one vestal so that, at the end of five years, when she was asked whether she had had one evil impulse in all that time, she replied, "Hell, no; I wish I had"; but the trick was discovered and the play passed. Another danger was in packed juries. Iniquitous and wicked men and women, ever seeking for a new thrill, would try to pass themselves off as adolescents, and frequently thus gained entrance to a performance which could not legitimately be seen for five years to come. Smuggling "testers," as the young people were called, became a recognized industry, and people used to brag about having been in at a showing of a *risqué* play as they used to brag about getting jewels through the customs. The word for purity in those days was "prewar," presumably a compound of "pure" and "Dewar" (the name of a Scottish stimulant); and "prewar drama" was known as "forbidden fruit." To have seen such a play was to be counted sophisticated and superior.

In 1930 *The Cinderella Man* was voted
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THE SIDE-SHOW

A highly popular feature of any smart Broadway opening. Most theatregoers find it more fun than the play. The stage somebodies have gathered to roast the show. The nobodies come to gape at their favorite players. What joy to rub shoulders with Gloria Swanson or Katharine Cornell! Or to count the buttons on John Drew's waistcoat. And the critics—the most important exhibit—quite tame to-night—even jocular—but wait till to-morrow

(Caricature by Massaguer)

After Shaw—Noel Coward?

Brilliant Author of "The Vortex" Weaves the Tragic Realism of the Universe Into His Satire of British Decadence

By RICHARD SAVAGE

IF one is interested in seeing a brilliant example of the sort of thing Michael Arlen is trying to do, and which some Americans believe he is really doing, he will find fuel for his interest at Henry Miller's Theatre in the first act of Noel Coward's play, *The Vortex*. In sheer, flashing, brittle British decadence this first act is to the whole of *The Green Hat* as a silk purse is to a sow's ear. Ironically enough, Mr. Arlen is also vitally responsible for the appearance of the play in which this act occurs.

A year or so ago, after having written *The Vortex* and having failed to secure its production in London, Noel Coward brought the play to New York as an auxiliary venture and sent it sedulously up and down "Broadway" in search of a producer. But, it seemed, "*The Vortex* was not a play that would go in New York."

When Coward went back to London, he found his old friend, Michael Arlen, wallowing in the stream of prosperity that had suddenly sprayed upon him from the plethoric cornucopia of the publishing business in all the English-reading world.

"If you invest two hundred pounds in my play," suggested Coward, "I can get it produced at the Everyman Theatre."

Without reading the play, Arlen handed over the two hundred pounds; and the director of London's equivalent of the Provincetown Playhouse engaged in what he seems to have suspected was a disinterested venture in art for art's sake. However, as sometimes happens, they reckoned without that portion of a play that pays to sit in even rows facing the proscenium arch. So many people, in fact, tried to crowd their way into the little Everyman Theatre to see the play that Coward and the director were encouraged to move into a larger and "regular" theatre. Even this theatre would not hold all those who wanted to see *The Vortex* each night, so as a full-fledged "hit" the play shifted to a still larger house and settled down into a run that has finally cut its way right to the theatrical center of the universe.

BUT to deal with only the first act of *The Vortex*, and in terms of Michael Arlen at that, is to indulge in unmitigated misrepresentation; for against the brilliantly sick background of that first act the author has reared, in a series of imperceptible, cogent flights, a thrilling, tragic structure around a youth made mad by a swirling, neurotic love for a selfish mother, who has tainted herself with perennial, bleached youth and flagellated her son with her foetid exhibitions of flesh and sex.

To investigate, somewhat, the life and attitudes of a man who has made a gesture such as Coward has in writing and acting in *The Vortex* is, in a sense, a critical obligation; but it has proven an obligation extremely difficult to meet in a manner com-

mensurate with the quality of the thing that has given rise to it. Noel Coward in his physical and mental manifestations seems himself to be merely the housing for a vortex, a careening vortex that, during a conversation, flings him nervously from chair to chair and posture to posture. Many of the interesting movements and gestures that seem so completely to belong to the character Coward acts on the stage are really Coward's very own, and set in the whole quivering façade that he presents to his environment, would, it may be, make him curiously *gauche*, if out from amidst the entire vibrating affair there did not shine forth, with a sort of painful, beautiful integrity, his two kindly, steady, comprehending eyes.

HE runs surprisingly true to a type of literary Englishman that occupies so conspicuous a place in the record of English letters, even to the extent of having been born in a London region with a rather ridiculous name: Teddington. The nature and mechanics of his personality balked at adapting itself to any conventional educational system beyond that which corresponds to American elementary schools, and he was equipped for life by the education inherent in a deep and fortunate maternal sympathy, a practical passion for the theatre and an omnivorous, indiscriminating appetite for reading. His father was a business man.

He, like Somerset Maugham, attached a significance to traveling that sent him journeying into what he considered strange and alien lands. France and Italy appealed strongly to imagination and sense of the decoratively dramatic, and Spain and its language appealed to his voluptuous feeling for color.

"Spanish," he said, "must be the most lovely language in the world."

When Noel Coward was ten years old he went on the stage, acting in children's plays at Christmas time. He is now about twenty-six, and after sixteen years of consistent theatrical activity, he finds himself the author of no fewer than ten plays, two successful revues, one of which was the famous *Charlot Revue*, and at the moment creating, amidst international acclaim, the difficult principal rôle in a play by himself that has assumed the position of being one of the more important presentations of the season.

Not all the managers, here and in London, rejected the play on its own possible lack of merit. Almost invariably accompanying its submission to a manager was a condition that the character of Nicky Lancaster must be played by the author. Those producers, it seemed, who felt like doing the play were sure that Coward could not satisfactorily act its most spectacular rôle and felt constrained therefore to reject it:

but again the audiences proved sensationally stubborn in their repudiations of managerial prediction and estimate. Coward's performance has elicited an array of significant critical opinions from such a multiplicity of angles that the acting as well as the play would seem to be somewhat impregnated with the essence of universality. A musician has labeled the actor's piano playing in the second act to be thrilling, a man once clutched in the tentacles of a mother complex is amazed at the author's insight, a Londoner says he "knows his London," a noted physician is deeply impressed by the skill and lack of overemphasis he brings to the representation of the heroin addict's subtle symptoms, and there hardly would seem to be room for any purely critical doubt as to the moving efficacy of his dramatic power and histrionic ability.

It may be true that England's epic military victories were won on the sporting fields of her public schools, but certainly the seeds of her morale have been breath-takingly sown in the adolescent spirits of her young men by G. A. Henty's thrilling, even if stereotyped, tales of war and martial adventure.

It was these tales that first memorably seized upon the mind and emotions of a very youthful Noel Coward. He literally lived in a phantasy world of conspicuous high adventure and gallant conquest as long as Mr. Henty's list lasted. He melted into the character of hero upon hero and followed them through battle, wounds and inevitable victory. One of the novels dealt with the French Revolution, and though Coward flung himself passionately upon bloody barricade after bloody barricade and defended colors and banners desperately against fierce multitudinous enemies, a new and more subtle fascination this time superimposed itself upon the experience; and when it had yielded to inspection, Coward found that from then on French history and not merely battles was to be the favorite field of his reading. This interest in French history branched out into a detailed enthusiasm for everything French, and it is probably from that pungent civilization and its traditions that he derives the *timbre* of his wit and the color of his intelligence.

IT was to be supposed that a youth who had made so many desperate charges through the glory-infested areas of a writing devoted exclusively to the apotheosis of blood and battle would have adapted himself with considerable delight to the opportunities afforded by England's late struggle with the German Empire. But Coward implies his experience at the training camp in England, to which he went when he was eighteen, in three elemental words:

"I hated it."



NOCTURNE

*"Now airy swarms of fluttering dreams descend
On souls, like birds on trees." —SIDNEY LANIER.*

(Camera composition by Carlo Leonetti)



De Mirjian

Ruth Chatterton as the prince's runaway mistress and Ralph Forbes as the romantic servant in Ashley Dukes' comedy "The Man With a Load of Mischief"

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face



THE plays of Alfred Savoir are not alone among present-day products of the Parisian stage in needing a pace that races.

In speedy treatment lies at once the making of hilarity and the semblance of reality; any evening at the Palais Royal takes on the feeling of an endless succession of galloping situations and racing lines. The result may well be and usually is the nightly triumph of mediocrity by sheer dint of its being lashed into exciting entertainment. Mr.

Savoir's latest contribution to our boards, labeled laboriously *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*, cries loudly for some such handling if any illusion of life is to be found therein. Elsie Ferguson's performance as the first of its title characters suggests her being paced by a grandfather's clock placed for the purpose somewhere in the wings. Despite all the suave producing skill of Gilbert Miller and a supporting company that is best characterized by the word slick, the result is catastrophic.

Miss Ferguson manages to convert excellent low comedy (that boasts a second act unequaled in recent seasons for its potential fun-making) into dreary high comedy that hangs heavy on the vine. Not a scene, however sprightly, that is not measured by stately tread. Always that wretched grandfather's clock! It looks rather like an eight-day clock at that.

THERE is not much to *Stolen Fruit*, the play by the Italian author, Dario Niccodemi, at the Eltinge, except thickly laid on sentiment. The story is that of a young girl who, maltreated by a brute and in the belief that her child is dead, becomes a village schoolmistress. She is unpopular with her associates and also with the gossips because she lives aloof and

takes no part in their social gatherings. The handsome young mayor, spurred on by the hostile faction to take action in the name of public morality, calls on the young girl and haughtily demands an explanation. If the charges are founded it means dismissal from the school. "They accuse you of leading a double life, of mysterious absences, of an extraordinary desire to be alone."

"Yes," she answers sadly, "I have been in the cemetery—alone—with my dead." But the child is not dead. The mayor, now in love with the young mother himself, routs her detractors, finds the missing daughter, and one can imagine marriage bells not far away.

The theme is hackneyed, but the performance by Ann Harding, as the young schoolmistress,

is not. It is a beautiful performance that no one who cares to be moved and charmed in the theatre should miss. The shortcomings of the play are forgotten as one sits, with tear-filled eyes, watching the pallid heroine's every move and gesture, listening to the gentle voice—with its rich, well-modulated, cultured tones—of this actress, who, young as she is, unspoiled as she is by contact with the artificial, shallow world of the theatre, has such a depth of sincere emotion, such perfect poise and naturalness,

ingenious setting gives a fitting background to the movement of the tragedy.

The supporting company is somewhat uneven in its responsiveness to the requirements of the text and action, but the veteran Albert Bruning stands boldly forth for his admirable performance of Polonius. Kenneth Hunter is excellent in his royal bearing as the King, and Mary Hall is good as the Queen, while the quaint, dry humor of Cecil Yapp finds a capital outlet in the rôle of the First Grave-Digger.

Plays You Ought to See

ACCUSED—Strong drama from the French, with E. H. Sothern in the rôle of an advocate fighting to save the woman he loves. Admirably acted.

ARMS AND THE MAN—Brilliant revival of the old Shaw comedy by the Theatre Guild, with Lynn Fontanne in the rôle of Raina.

CRADLE SNATCHERS—Most amusing comedy farce, showing how three wives, annoyed by flirtatious husbands, adopt desperate remedies. Funniest play in town.

DEAREST ENEMY—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

HAMLET—A fine production of Shakespeare's tragedy, with Walter Hampden as the melancholy Prince and Ethel Barrymore as Ophelia.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Excellent entertainment with brisk comedy by Charles Winniger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—A tale of the primitive, strangely and raggedly told. Fine, vigorous drama. Well acted.

ROSE-MARIE—That rare avis, an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent.

THE VORTEX—Drama satirizing in merciless manner the degenerate life of London's idle rich. Splendid performance by Noel Coward, author of the play, supported by Lillian Braithwaite.

such unforgettable appeal, allied to a ravishing golden beauty, that the spectator—somewhat disillusioned by certain other types of modern femininity—sits enthralled. Buy seats for *Stolen Fruit*—if only to see Ann Harding.

ALL lovers of the best in the theatre will hope that Walter Hampden has now secured a permanent home. He has taken over the Colonial Theatre, freshened it up, and at Sixty-second Street and Broadway is giving his now familiar *Hamlet* with the assistance of that admirable actress, Ethel Barrymore, as the distressed Ophelia. The novelty of the occasion centers largely in her. Slim, svelte of figure and strikingly handsome, Miss Barrymore brings her skillful art to a gracious and alluring representation of Polonius' daughter. It is a beautiful picture she presents, while her reading is instinct with that intelligence and feeling which brings into fine relief the poignancy of Ophelia's tragedy. Mr. Hampden's Prince of Denmark is a carefully studied interpretation. Sound in reading, harmonious in conception, it pleases and satisfies those who do not exact the superior picturesqueness and magnetism of some of his predecessors in the title-rôle. Claude Bragdon's

lent scene, the husband leaves the house forever.

While the play is overweighted with words and the moral it points none too clear, Mr. Kelley, in this piece, shows a marked advance in his art since *The Torch Bearers* and *The Show-Off*. He has begun to draw character with firmer, surer strokes than in those earlier efforts. The wife is an impossible creature. There may be such women, although I should hate to believe, as the author intimates, that she is representative of a new order of women now beginning to assert themselves. There can, however, be nothing but praise for Chrystal Herne's fine interpretation of the character—a magnificent performance, carefully studied, admirably poised, brilliantly forceful and authoritative. The single setting by Sheldon K. Viele was most attractive and in excellent taste.

THE CROOKED FRIDAY, at the Bijou, is a crook play of ineffable banality. It is too bad, for, in it, Dennis Neilson-Terry and his pretty wife are enacting stellar rôles for the first time in America. They are both young, fair to look upon and undeniably possess a dramatic skill that would show to advantage in a piece worthy their respective talents. But it was impossible for the man to achieve anything as the altruistic nobleman bent on redeeming the crooked heroine nor was Miss Glynn able to impart conviction to the character.

THE French dramatist Brieux, like his English colleague Galsworthy, writes *pièces à thèse*—that is to say, each of his dramas is a thesis in the guise of a play. His *Damaged Goods* was a piece dealing with the ravages of syphilis. Another play, *The Red Robe*, dealt

with the human problems that sometimes beset the judiciary. *Accused*, the latest of his plays to be seen in this country and presented here by David Belasco in a translation by George Middleton and with E. H. Sothern in the principal rôle, has to do with the workings of the legal profession. Can a lawyer, an honorable, conscientious man who prides himself on the fact that he



has never knowingly accepted the case of a guilty client, defend a murderess, knowing her to be guilty—a woman he himself loves—without staining his unsullied record?

M. Du Coudrais, Jr., a man of good social position, whom we know later to have been a libertine, a bully and all-round rotter, has been found shot dead. Suspicion falls on his young wife, Louise. She is arrested and put on trial. She refuses to talk, even to her counsel, and the first lawyer retained, discouraged by her attitude, which strengthens the hand of the public prosecutor, withdraws from the case. Her father, M. Lemercier, sure of her innocence, comes to Edmond De Verron, the famous advocate, who has the reputation of never defending a guilty person, and begs him to take the case. De Verron and Louise have known each other since childhood. "You know she is innocent!" cries the distracted father. "Yes," says the lawyer; "I will undertake her defense." But when the new counsel questions his client, he is confronted by the same strange obstinacy. Louise refuses to discuss the case, even to save her life. Slowly, after piecing together bits of evidence gathered here and there, De Verron begins to think she did kill her husband after all. Suspicion becomes certainty. He is panic-stricken. How can he go on with the case, knowing she is guilty? Yet how can he let a woman he loves go to her doom? He has loved her for years, unknown to all. Perhaps she did it in self-defense. Her husband was a brute—her life a living hell. Perhaps she had a lover—a man who brought some mead of happiness into her sad life. The husband no doubt discovered the intrigue, perhaps threatened the man, and she shot him to protect her lover. The lawyer had guessed right, but not as to the identity of the lover. That secret comes out at the close of the play. She did love a man not her husband. M. Du Coudrais, insanely jealous, one night seized his gun and went forth to kill his rival. She followed and shot him to protect the man she loved—none other than De Verron himself! This *dénouement* is as complete a surprise to the lawyer as it is to the audience. It constitutes what punch there is in this ponderous, somewhat old-fashioned play. The lovers part, because no enduring happiness can be built on guilt and loss of honor.

Mr. Sothern, looking astonishingly young and fit, received a warm ovation from the audience, to whom the spectacle of its favorite Shakespearean star strutting in a plain business suit in a modern French melodrama was a decided novelty. As the advocate fighting for the life of the woman he loves, Mr. Sothern was forceful, sympathetic, convincing. The mere mastery of the lines was a feat of memory. The rôle

contains more words than that of Hamlet. There are some terrific scenes, where blocks of fiery rhetoric are hurled from one character to another, but the star's classic training enabled him to cope without apparent difficulty with the most lengthy and strenuous of them.

Ann Davis made an intelligent, attractive, poignant heroine. Henry Herbert was excellent as the octogenarian judge. Lester Lonergan handled admirably his scenes as the murdered man's father, and Moffat Johnston was much applauded as the father of Louise. Octavia Kenmore, herself a star, made a small rôle of a maid stand out. The single setting, by Joseph Wickes' Studio, showing the study in the advocate's house, is unusually rich and massive and in exquisite taste.

Altogether the evening may be counted a success for the new Belasco-Sothern association.

I AM not a musical-comedy fan. I find the general run of musical shows insufferably stupid and dull. But I liked *Sunny*, the new piece by Messrs. Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II, in which the lithe, pulchritudinous Marilyn Miller is disporting herself at the New Amsterdam. Full of head-liners and sure-fire material, the production is a veritable Stars' Gambol. Such bright and favorite lights as Joseph Cawthorn, Clifton Webb, Cliff Edwards, Jack Donahue and Mary Hay all scintillate around the star. To aid and abet them there is clever little Pert Kelton, with her imitations of Chaplin, Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana, divine dancers; George Olsen and his orchestra, and a lovely crew of show-girls and dancers. And a tuneful score written by Jerome Kern.



The costly and glittering extravaganza opens with a circus. The fat lady, the giant and the dog-faced boy, genuine freaks, have their place in the parade. The gorgeous wedding scene on board ship is probably the most handsome and spectacular of all. The things of most importance are the graceful dancing of Marilyn Miller, all delightful gestures and sweet smiles; the comedy work and tap dancing of the extremely amusing and entertaining Jack Donahue and the special dancing of such well-known teams as the cute Mary Hay and the agile Clifton Webb, who have had all Europe agog over their dancing this Summer, and Moss and Fontana, who execute the airiest, fairest kind of waltzes.

What does it matter that, after the final curtain, there is but a conglomerate impression of fleeting scenes, like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope: circus scenes, cabins and salons of a great liner, poppy fields, hunting scenes, gymnasiums, conservatories, patches of woodland, a hotel ballroom, a grove and just plain street scenes. All that counts is that the combine of brilliance, shuffling feet, graceful dancing, beauty and lilting songs and amusing comedy brought about a verdict that it's a darned good show. And the aftermath will be much humming of the catchy *Who* number, sung by Miss Miller and Paul Frawley, and Cliff Edwards' ukelele number, *Paddlin' Madeleine Home*.

ANOTHER musical show that I wouldn't mind seeing again is *Merry, Merry* at the Vanderbilt. This play by Messrs. Thompson

and Archer has all the musical-comedy success ingredients: pretty and lively girls, good dancing, tuneful song numbers, quite a bit of humor and much speed. *Merry, Merry* seems to be closer than a twin sister to *My Girl*, but this is not a drawback. Much of the credit for the success of the show must go to Harry Archer's orchestra, for it was the peppy music which helped put over the dancing.

Marie Saxon, who is one of the best and most finished dancers to be found in any musical comedy anywhere, any place, any time, worked hard all evening and was adequately rewarded on the opening night by vociferous applause. William Frawley, under

der a trick brown derby, dispensed humor with a lavish hand; Harry Puck, who arranged the dances, danced some of the numbers exceedingly well himself; and the chorus girls, around whom the show was written, disported themselves in a more than satisfying manner.

The reprise number, *It Must Be Love*, was the harmonious and romantic song number which wove its way through this thoroughly entertaining new musical comedy.

IF the play had measured up to the beauty and the picturesqueness of its settings—these adjuncts, and very wonderful they are, were supplied by Robert Edmond Jones—*The Buccaneer*, by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, would have been accounted one of the artistic hits of the season and the Plymouth might have rejoiced in another *What Price Glory*, which these same authors had provided for Arthur Hopkins. But it is impossible to describe this new comedy-drama as satisfactory—it is not quite comedy nor is it moving drama, and with the exception of a couple of scenes of sanguinary activity, it has long lapses of a static kind—in which words aptly chosen and phrased with some eloquence still fail to bring adequate conviction. I think some of the failure to register is due to William Farnum's rendering of Sir Harry Morgan, the dashing pirate, or privateer, as you may be pleased to describe him, who thrashed the Spanish Main with fine success when Charles the Second ruled England. The films for years have kept Farnum from the

footlights, and the physical restrictions of that form of art seem to have curbed and cramped his style as well as his declamation, which too frequently seemed overcadenced and sing-songy. If Morgan was not dashingly impudent and overwhelming, Lady Neville would never have succumbed to his wooing. There is little intrigue to the plot, save that the aforesaid lady formulates successfully some of the real contradictions of women. This rôle, essayed by Estelle Winwood, possessed some of the ineffable charm associated with that actress, while her hysterical outbursts of disgust and derision had the true dramatic ring. There was successful dignity allotted to the part of Commodore Wright by Leslie Palmer, and as a piratical lieutenant Galwey Herbert brought to the scene a real whiff of bilge water. One of those delicious bits of character, for which he is so distinguished, was contributed by Ferdinand Gottchalk as the Merry Monarch; but it was



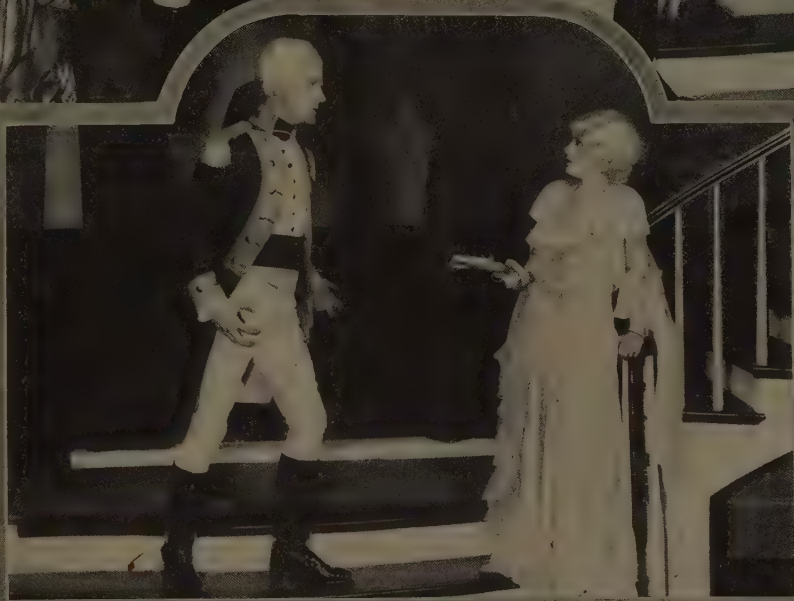


(Below)

Being in love with Capt. Copeland does not prevent Betsy from plotting against him and giving the Yankees the signal to pass, while the Britishers, drunk with wine from the Murray cellars, sleep in the far west wing of the house



Mrs. Murray (Flavia Arcaro), in an effort to aid the Yankee troops, lures the British Gen. John Tryon (Dettmar Poppen), with intimations of rich wines and other comforts, to spend the night at her estate



Betsy Burke (Helen Ford), Irish-American patriot, loathes the sight of a red coat, but when she looks at the gallant form and handsome eyes of Capt. Sir John Copeland (Charles Purcell), she straightway becomes color-blind

Photos White

Jane Murray (Helen Spring) is an ardent colonist and so she waits until the English are properly defeated before she becomes the wife of Capt. Harry Tryon (John Seymour) in the British Army



Betsy has been personally commended by Washington and cheered by every Yankee, but she finds no happiness until one day she turns to see Capt. Copeland, his red coat over his arm, come to claim her for his bride

"DEAREST ENEMY" PLEASURES AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

Charming Melodies and Attractive Costumes Lend Grace to This Successful Musical Play of the American Revolution

Charles in one of his bored moments that he depicted and that with perfect artistry and humor. But the scenery is the real attraction of *The Buccaneer*.

THE vogue in America of what has been facetiously dubbed the pesthouse school of dramatists, which began with the success here of *Liliom*, has naturally been followed by a deluge of Hungarian plays hastily replevined from musty Budapest trunks. *The Tale of the Wolf*, a fantastic comedy presented by Gilbert Miller at the Empire Theatre, is, I believe, sparkling Molnar, vintage 1912. An earlier version of the same piece was done in New York some ten years ago by Leo Ditrichstein under the title

The Phantom Rival. In the Miller version, which only survived a few performances, Roland Young was admirable as Kelemen, giving to the rôle of the jealous husband a humorous importance it never had before. His stage business and facial play were a sheer delight. Wallace Eddinger as the stolid George had the most acting to do and he did it exceedingly well. Here are two clever comedians who reach their laughs by methods totally different, yet each most successfully. Phyllis Povah, as Vilma, I liked less well. Comedy is not Miss Povah's forte. She was somewhat heavy and too sophisticated in a part that, above all, required to be played in the lightest of moods and with frank naïveté.

MORE Molnar! *The Glass Slipper* is the title given on the Theatre Guild program. *She Knew What She Wanted* would be a better one. Irma should marry early. Dr. Freud himself would so diagnose the case of the little kitchen slut, whose only romance in her drab, hard-worked life is her insensate passion for Lajos Sapos, the fifty-year-old voluptuary and star roomer in the boarding-house of his mistress, Adele Romajzer. A nice lot they are—of the Hungarian lower middle class—with nasty minds and unspeakable occupations. Adele, after being Sapos' mistress for ten years, thinks it's time she married him for respectability's sake. That she has carnal yearnings for Paul Cszaszar, another of her boarders, whom she calls to his face a "pimp," and who neglects her to carry on with the kitchen wench, is neither here nor there. It's all in the day's work. The marriage to Sapos takes place. All the guests

get drunk, including the despised little Irma, who, her dream of happiness with Sapos shattered, takes too much whisky and enters a house of prostitution. In the final act we are in the police court, where the madame insists that her house is the very best in Budapest, with a clientèle of the most prominent people in town. Some of my critical colleagues profess to find beauty in this play.

I found nothing but dirt. There is neither point, humor or charm to redeem a drab, nauseating tale. Some of the lines are unprintable. June Walker is as delightful as the slut Irma, but the character is so utterly impossible, not to say imbecile that even her charming performance of it made little or no impression. The Theatre Guild has many fine productions to its credit, but this play does not add to the list.

CHANNING POLLOCK is a Messiah among the playwrights. Nature so endowed him that he sees things—the vital truths—more clearly than most men. He is convinced it is wrong to steal, to exploit one's fellow, to philander with the neighbor's wife, and with great earnestness he writes plays to impress the vast, dumb herd with these tremendous verities. He also believes that, when smitten on the left cheek, you should offer your right cheek for similar punishment. In a word, Mr. Pollock is a pacifist, hating war as much as the Pope hates a heretic, and at the Times Square Theatre he presents a play, *The Enemy*, setting forth his theories in the hope that all the world may hearken and forever bury its age-long animosities.

The Enemy tells the story of Armageddon from the German point of view. We see the soldier, the wife, the alien enemy, the profiteer and the pacifist. The action takes place in Professor Arndt's flat in Vienna. To these people, too, it is a holy war for freedom and democracy. But the real enemy is hate. Fed daily on Government lies, they are convinced—all except the pacifist—that the enemy is a being to be hated and destroyed, and that victory must at last be with their righteous cause. Meantime they starve, suffer and die. The play is full of effective scenes. The enthusiasm at the outbreak of hostilities, the leave-takings, the tramp of marching men—a particularly striking effect maintained throughout as a sort of Wagnerian leit motif—the atmosphere of impending doom, the agonized waiting for news, the return from the front of human wrecks who once were men—all this is skillfully if theatrically done. The language is preachy but vigorous, and the points are well made. If this play had been produced during the war, when feeling still ran high and the wounds caused by the world conflict were still fresh, probably no theatre would have been large enough to hold the people clamoring for admission. As it is, the drama gives one rather the impression of an anticlimax.

IN *These Charming People*, at the Gaiety—the play owes nothing to the book of similar title—Michael Arlen, the much discussed, has evolved a nice, gracious and amiable farce and fitted Cyril Maude with a character that cannot fail to increase his reputation, popularity and bank-account. It is just the sort of medium that gives Mr. Maude an ideal rôle, the irresponsible papa, always in debt, who insists that life owes him an existence, free from worry and care. Entanglements of various kinds bob up to destroy temporarily his peace of mind, but he wins out, and his purely selfish future seems permanently assured as the final curtain falls. *Débonair*, quaintly comic, he floats through the various scenes with refreshing refinement and delightful humor. The settings are in polite keeping and the supporting cast has been picked with a care that insures the popular interpretation of rôles that call for some nice distinction in the way of social convention.

A delightful newcomer is Edna Best, an English actress, young, blonde, pretty and alluring, who plays a sophisticated flapper with a surety

of conception and execution that makes her genuinely real. In a rôle that calls to memory the late Lord Northcliffe, Alfred Drayton acts with convincing brusqueness, while Alma Tell, as a selfish wife, is quite in the picture. As the lover with whom she'd elope, Herbert Marshall is admirable in his perfect detachment, while as the old butler the veteran Robert Vivian is resourcefully eloquent in his use of the methods of old-time farce.

IT is fortunate for the Noel Coward boom that the first of that new author's plays seen here happened to be *The Vortex*. That virile, forceful piece stamped the British dramatist as a craftsman of no ordinary ability and power. Had his first offering on Broadway been *Hay Fever*, the inept farce recently shown at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, the Noel Coward vogue might have ended right there and then.

That *Hay Fever* was a hit in London means little or nothing. The quality of some of the plays your average English audience will not only swallow, but stand in queues to see, is quite astonishing. *Hay Fever* proved a colorless, tenuous, talky piece, devoid of anything like real humor and with absolutely nothing to recommend it as entertainment. The dialogue is commonplace and silly, the situations tame and without punch, the entire plot hinges on a far-fetched and preposterous idea.

The only thing that somewhat redeemed the dull proceedings was the always skillful and often delightful manner in which that experienced and excellent actress, Laura Hope Crews, played the rôle of the silly mother. Quick to adapt herself to the subtle changes in the spirit of the piece, she played it in just the right tempo. Her comedy and stage business was richly diverting throughout. Too good a performance to be wasted on such rubbish. Frieda Inescourt and Gavin Muir did all that possibly could be done with their respective rôles of daughter and son. Alice Belmore Cliffe deserves special mention as the maid.

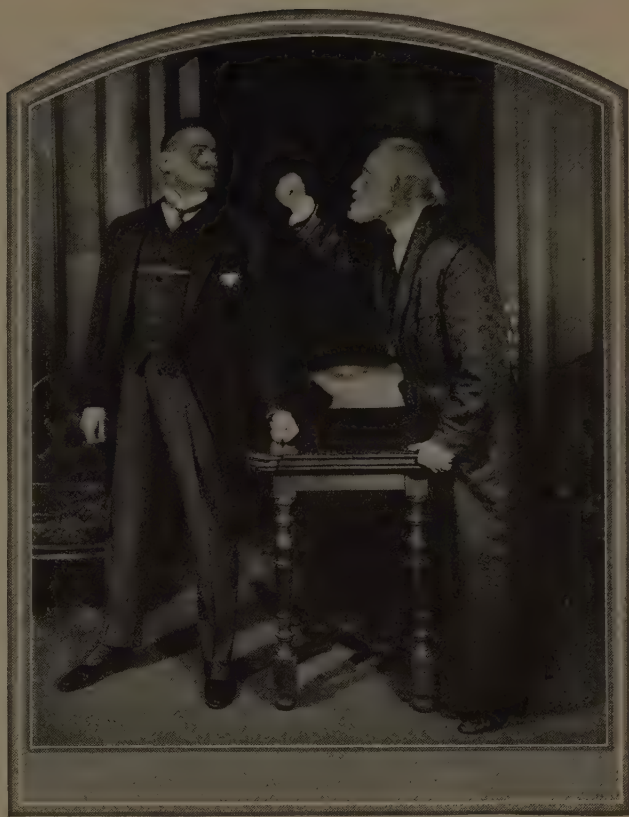
WEAK SISTERS! Here is a diverting and dirty dish to set before the forces that yelp for censorship. After they have laughed themselves more or less ill, they will out into the night air, armed with better reason for a local dramatic axe, than has been offered them yet. Lynn Starling's play would seem to be purely meretricious; it aims to shock and nothing more. When six or seven lurid inmates of a disorderly house saunter in and for no particular reason start discussing their craft in terms that a child can understand, we have a stage situation that makes *Desire Under the Elms* look like a production by Holy Church.

Mr. Starling, whose skill for deft lines is considerable, but whose talent for play-making (to judge by an appallingly bad last act) is still in its infancy, has woven a play that half parodies the Rev. Davidson. But instead of one Sadie Thompson we have a stageful. Siegfried Strong, a young but strident cleric (well played

(Continued on page 44)



Act II—Pauli (Fay Bainter), the bride of a month, says good-bye to her husband (Walter Abel) on the morning of his departure for the front



Act III—The old Viennese professor, a staunch advocate of peace (Russ Whytal), clashes with the rich war lord (Charles Dalton), who has grown fat on the spoils of the world conflict



Act IV—The Viennese journalist (John Wray) tells Pauli and Mitsi that he has been dismissed from his editorial position because of physical weakness due to strenuous service in the war

Photos Apeda

"THE ENEMY", AT THE TIMES SQUARE, PROPAGANDA AGAINST WAR

Channing Pollock Presents Effective Stage Picture Setting Forth the Futilities of the Great World Struggle

Has This Been Explained to You?

The Greenhorn Is Answered by the People Who Ought to Know

(Third Series)

"WHY DO MANAGERS SEEK 'TYPE' ACTORS?"

ANSWERED BY A. H. WOODS.

TIMES have changed. This is an age of specialists—that's the answer. Fifteen or twenty years ago theatrical rôles—aside from the few classics—were more or less standardized. The composite villain of those days had sleek black hair, a waxed moustache and a nasty sneer; the hero was a curly-locked Apollo, with a Gibson profile and a shirt unbuttoned at the throat; the heroine was devastatingly sweet, with a gingham dress symbolizing innocence and a walk that was half skip, half toddle.

Occasional wraiths of that ancient standardization still strut the boards—but not often. To-day it is sometimes difficult to tell who is the hero and who the villain. As the theatre has come to reflect life more accurately, it has brought onto the stage a diversity of characters peculiar to the age—the bootlegger, stenographer, sand hog, electrician, aviator, chemist, mechanician, neurasthenic, flapper, scientist, lounge lizard, the fellow next door and that fellow's wife. And these characters are no longer limited to the sneer and bellow, the gesture and smile, the sigh and tear. They are full of modern psychological complexes and thyroid glands that have twisted the old standards into a thousand variations.

That's why we now have to seek "type" actors. The actor who played the villain one night and the hero the night after has become well-nigh extinct, because to-day the villain may be a withered dope-fiend or a fat roué and the hero a broken-jowled pugilist or a babe in arms—God wot! Our choice is no disparagement of the protean ability of our players. It requires better acting, perhaps, to be versatile and convincing with one type than to portray a dozen different characters after a conventional fashion.

Of course physical qualifications have a lot to do with it. You would no more think of casting Margalo Gilmore, for example, as the seductive Iris March of *The Green Hat* than you would think of giving Katharine Cornell the rôle of the demure, self-sacrificing Venice. Henry Stephenson is always sought as the unruffled, middle-aged man of affairs that he plays in *The Pelican*. Lowell Sherman will always be the suave, manicured deceiver. It is impossible to think of Ernest Truex as a villain or Frank Bacon as Shylock. These players fit the parts with which they have been identified. Run down your list of favorites and you will see what I mean—most of

them are stamped in your mind with, not only distinct physical, but also temperamental qualifications.

I remember, last season, hearing two women discussing a play as they were leaving the theatre. It illustrates the point.

"Oh, my dear, I was so disappointed," said one. "Miss So-and-So has always been my favorite actress and she certainly played her part well—but she shouldn't be nasty; she simply isn't the type for it."

"WHY DO PEOPLE BUY TICKETS FROM SPECULATORS?"

ANSWERED BY TOM FALLON.

Tyson Theatre Ticket Agency.

WE are retail merchants for a commodity which has a large demand in big cities. Outside of New York, Chicago and a few other of the metropolis a theatre-ticket agency would be as out of place as an arbitrator at a coal strike. Speculators? Much of the adverse criticism leveled at ticket agencies is based on conditions as they are *not* found in a city like New York. We serve a need, and there are a number of reasons why people patronize us.

First, consider the situation, geographically, so to speak. The New York theatrical district occupies an area of about ten square blocks in and around the neighborhood of Forty-second Street. To get to a box-office, theatregoers must not only travel from all parts of the Bronx, Yonkers, Harlem, Brooklyn or Long Island and the other suburbs to Forty-second Street, but they must then indulge in an additional trip to the particular theatre they wish to attend. When they can go to a ticket agency in any of these localities or at some central location on Forty-second Street, if they happen to be in the theatrical district, then the "speculator" is saving them—in my opinion—at least fifty cents' worth of time.

We are patronized because we are a convenience. We are also patronized because we are a dramatic information bureau. You may not have known this. Opinions differ, but let us say that half the theatre-going public in New York is composed of transients—visitors. They don't know what they want to see when they go to the theatre—aside from the nationally advertised entertainments like the *Follies* or the *Scandals*—so they come to us.

"Have you got tickets for a good comedy?"

"What's a good drama?"

"Is Elsie Ferguson playing in anything now?"

"Just in town for the night—give me seats for a snappy show."

So it becomes an asset in our business to size up people correctly and not recommend a leg show to the rector's widow from Pawtucket or *Pollyanna* to a delegate of the iron-founders' union. Most of this transient trade comes to us. Of course, the

resident New Yorker—if there is such an animal—knows what he wants to see, but, because he is ardent disbeliever in wasted time, we get a good deal of his patronage also.

The third reason people buy tickets from speculators is because they always get good seats. Theatrical managers all recognize the high class of trade reached by the ticket agencies and nightly provide us with choice allotments. I don't mean you can't get good seats at the box-office, but you are sure of getting them at the ticket agencies, for that is all we deal in. You likewise get courteous service which, in this age of slot-machine lunches, crowd psychology and corn salves, is something to be thankful for.

Just a closing word regarding "speculators." Theatre-ticket agents used to speculate—maybe some of them do now, but not the big, reputable firms. To-day the charge is fifty cents for service—and that includes everything I have mentioned and, no doubt, a good deal I have neglected to mention.

"WHY ARE THERE SO FEW BLACK- FACE COMEDIANS?"

ANSWERED BY AL JOLSON,

Star of "Big Boy."

THE chief reason, if I may say so without appearing facetious, is because actors like to eat. I have known very few actors who didn't have this failing—even though, as Bert Williams used to complain, everything they ate seemed to go right to their stomachs. Yes, if there were more black-face comedians, there would be more hungry actors, because parts aren't written nowadays for darkies—or very seldom.

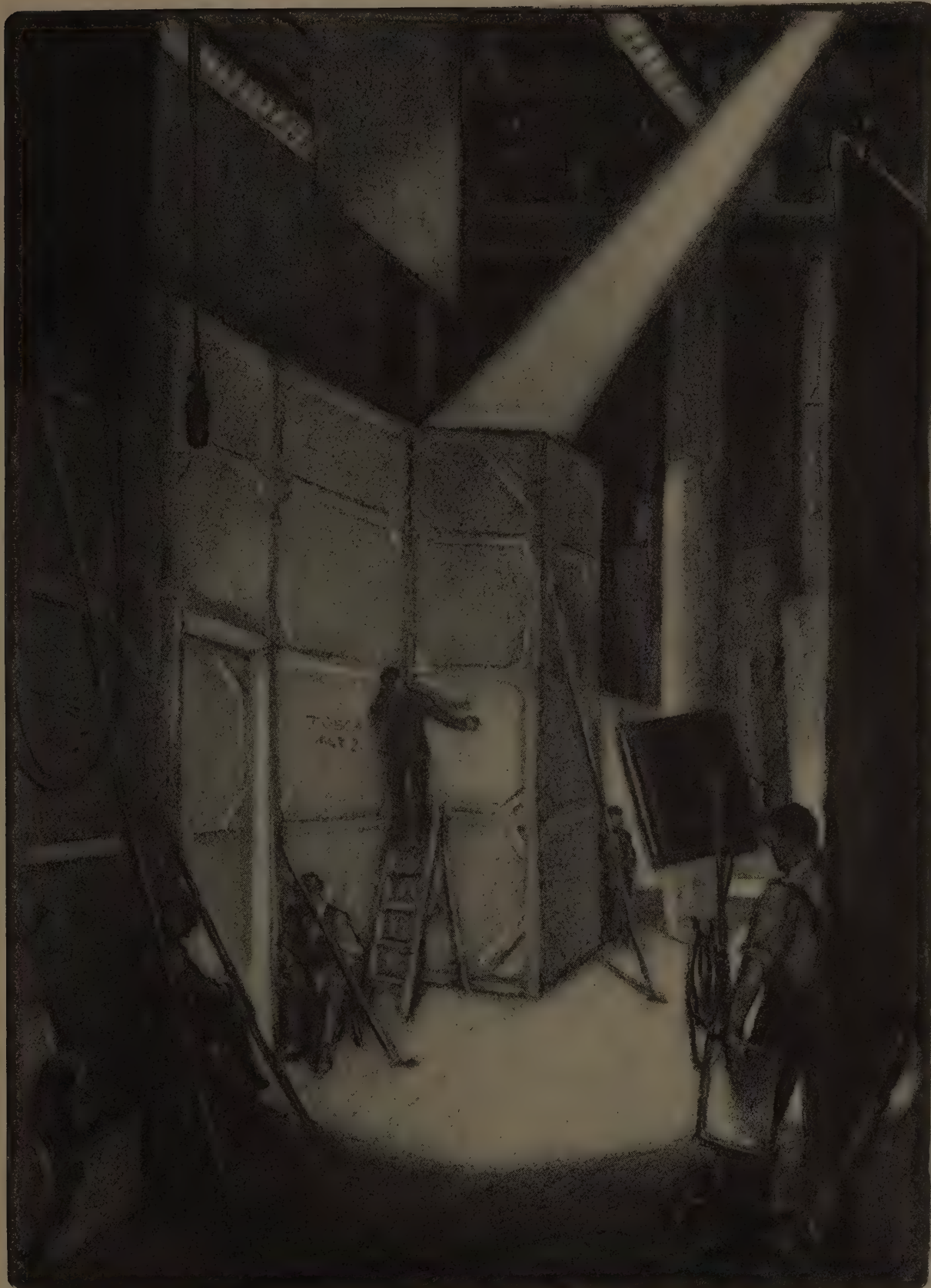
I don't know whether this is a conspiracy on the part of the Society of American Dramatists or the influence of the Ku Klux Klan, but I'll wager a box of Perfectos against a can of grease-paint that you can't name more than four shows, in the past two seasons, in which black-face comedians have appeared.

The second reason, if I can say so without seeming egotistical—and I probably can—is because very few actors possess that melodic, harsh, husky, resonant, gentle, bellowing voice which characterizes the black-face comedian. Such a voice demands a powerful diaphragm, to say nothing of a galvanized throat, breath support and will-power. You see, when a man blacks his face he hides a lot of his emotions. All he has left to "register" with are his eyes, his mouth and his voice. And the latter becomes, perhaps, the most important factor.

But, aside from these considerations, few men seem to have the flair for black-face comedy. An old minstrel with Lew Dockstader once told me that the only really successful "burnt-cork artists" he knew were those who had "the darky rhythm," which

(Continued on page 58)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first answers in this series "Why Are Box Office Attendants Cranky?"; "Why Are Stage Villains Matinée Idols?"; "Why Are There More Women Than Men on the Stage?"; "Why Is the Bald-Headed Row Bald-Headed?"; "Why Are Plays Always Rewritten?"; "Why Are Crook Plays Popular?"; "Why Do Doctors Avoid Looking at the Audience?"; appeared in THEATRE MAGAZINE for September and November, 1925.



(From a sketch by Ernest N. Townsend)

A BACK STAGE STUDY

A vast audience sits in the Metropolitan, tense and hushed, as the second act of "Tosca" nears its climax. Jeritza has stabbed Scarpia. He lies, stiff and stark, candles at either side of his head, with Tosca, kneeling reverently, about to place a crucifix on his breast, startled by the roll of drums. In the gloom and mystery of back stage rises the stretched canvas of the palace set. A blue shaft cuts the haze of the flies, sending a beam of moonlight through the courtyard window. Figures emerge—an electrician at a flood lamp, stage hands at the door of the torture chamber and a conductor with eye affixed to a peep-hole, signaling back stage for the roll of drums that announces an execution

The Green Derby

A Travesty by Benj. M. Kaye

THE Garrick Gaieties, that sprightly little review which has been tickling the risibilities of New Yorkers since last May, has brought back to the stage a phase of theatrical entertainment of which too little has been seen in recent years—the giving of travesties on current plays. At the beginning of their run they presented travesties on "The Guardsman," "Fata Morgana" and "They Knew What They Wanted." To these they have now added a travesty on "The Green Hat," which, by courtesy of the author, we present herewith

CHARACTERS

Iris March	Venice
Gerald March	Maid
Boy Fenwick	Hotel Proprietor
Napier Harpenden	Michael Arlen
Maurice Harpenden	The Man at the Win-
Hilary Townsend	dow

THE stage is dark. As it lights up we see only the front of the stage. The rest is concealed by the black curtain. At R. stand Maurice, Hilary and Napier talking.

NAPIER: Father, Hilary tells me that you have asked Iris to come down here to Sutton-Marle. Why have you done that?

MAURICE: Now, my boy, why not leave all that to me?

NAPIER: No, father—I am married to Venice—which is what you wanted. And I haven't seen Iris in five years.

MAURICE: Now, my boy—you really shouldn't be here. I—— (Enter Gerald L. hurriedly. He is disheveled and somewhat drunk.)

GERALD (excitedly): So—here you are—all three of you. And you know who I am. I'm Gerald March. And I feel like hell. I want a drink. Got a drink? What's the good of being outside of America unless you can get a drink?

MAURICE: Young' man, you have had about enough drinks.

GERALD: Never enough drinks. I'm a March. The Marches drink all the year 'round. From March to March. Ha, ha! Laugh, Maurice. Haven't I told you a funny story?

MAURICE: What is it you want?

GERALD: I'll tell you what I want. It's about my sister, Iris. There's a dirty lie somewhere. Listen. This morning I picked up a paper in London and read of Boy's death.

NAPIER: Iris had nothing to do with it.

GERALD: Perhaps she didn't. But Boy Fenwick's ghost is by my side now and he is begging me to ask you how he died.

HILARY: How should we know?

GERALD: Oh, you know all right. He died wearing a green derby.

MAURICE, HILARY and NAPIER (in awe): A green derby!

GERALD: Yes, and that's what I want to find out. What's all this about a green derby? Why are there so many men wearing green derbies? Why does my sister never go out unless she wears smoked glasses? What happened in that room at Deauville five years ago? You were all there. What happened there? I tell you this beastly business must be settled.

MAURICE: We can't tell you, Gerald.

GERALD: Hilary—Napier. (They turn away. Enter Iris L.)

IRIS: I will tell you, Gerald. Because you are my brother, silly, sweet Gerald.

GERALD: Don't play for time, Iris. What was it happened in that room at Deauville?

IRIS: I was alone in the room. I was looking out of the window and I put up my hand to pat

my hair. A man was passing in the street. He saw me put my hand up and thought I was waving at him.

(As she speaks the stage darkens. The other characters leave. The curtain is drawn aside, so that, as the stage lights up again, we see Iris in the room at Deauville. At C. is a door. At L. an open window. At R. is a divan and a chair. Iris is now standing by the window, patting her hair as she looks out.)

IRIS (alone): Why, he's waving back. He's crossing over. Is he coming up here? (She turns. Enter maid C.)

MAID: A gentleman to see you, ma'am.

IRIS: Did he give his name?

MAID: He said it was Michael Arlen.

IRIS: Michael Arlen! Show him in. (Exit Maid. Enter Arlen C.)

ARLEN (talking quite easily): Ah, Iris. Surprised to see me?

IRIS: Of course I am. I'm only a character in your book. You made me what I am to-day. What more do you want?

ARLEN: I was just passing—on my way to Hollywood, ye know—to write scenarios. Very nice these Americans—not Mayfair, ye know, but they'll do.

IRIS: Enough of this hell. What do you want of me?

ARLEN: Well—I thought I ought to put a finishing touch to you before I leave. You see, I gave you a pagan body, but you still have a Chislehurst mind. You still want to be chaste, don't you?

IRIS: Yes. I would die for purity.

ARLEN: I thought so. Now that won't do. Nobody will buy my book if you do that. I've got to let loose a beast inside of you. A beast which will prowl around in the soiled loneliness of your mind.

IRIS: Oh! Please! Please don't make me bad.

ARLEN: No! Just misbehave. (Continuing—quite matter of fact): So I guess I'll give you a Freudian complex. Let me see. I have it. A green derby.

IRIS: But, Mr. Arlen—why a green derby?

ARLEN: Pour le sport.

IRIS: What does that mean—pour le sport?

ARLEN: It's a French idiom. It means every time you see a man wearing a green derby, you'll go absolutely crazy with love—you'll just tear him to pieces—like a beast, you know.

IRIS (with terror): No, no, Mr. Arlen. Please don't make me do that. Please let me off.

ARLEN (with dignity): The Marches are never let off anything.

IRIS (cowering): The curse—the curse!

ARLEN (cheerily): Yes—that was a happy touch of mine. Well, I'm off. See you later—about the fifth edition. (Exit Arlen C.)

IRIS: The fifth edition. My God—and I thought Englishmen respect their women. (Enter Maid C.)

MAID: Mr. Fenwick calling, ma'am. (Iris nods.

Exit Maid and enter Fenwick C. He is wearing a green derby.)

FENWICK: Hello, Iris, dear. (Iris slowly raises her eyes—sees the green derby. Business of trying to control her emotion.)

IRIS: Boy—I love you. I want you—you darling—now. (She leaps at him and throws her arms around his neck.)

FENWICK: For heaven's sake, Iris, be decent. We're only engaged, you know.

IRIS (madly): Kiss me—hold me in your arms. Love is a hurricane of pain.

FENWICK: Well, it's too much of a storm for me. Here, let go. (They struggle. Fenwick breaks loose and tries to run away. Iris bars the door—and as she goes for him, he jumps out of the window. Iris stares after him.)

IRIS: He's gone! (Enter Maid C.)

MAID: Mr. Townsend, ma'am. (Exit maid. Enter Hilary, wearing a green derby.)

HILARY: Well, Iris—looking at the sea?

IRIS (turns—sees Hilary with a green derby—and goes for him): Hilary—my old playmate Hilary. (She embraces him.)

HILARY: Here, here, Iris. What are you doing?

IRIS: I'm hungry for love. I want to destroy my body with love's delight.

HILARY: Now, stop this. Why—why, I'm twice your age.

IRIS: I don't care if you're as old as sand.

HILARY: Iris—be decent. (He breaks away. Same business as with Fenwick—and Hilary jumps out of the window. Iris stares after him. Enter Maid C.)

MAID: Sir Maurice Harpenden. (Exit Maid C. Enter Maurice, wearing a green derby.)

MAURICE: Iris—I know we are enemies, since I refused to let Napier marry you—but— (Iris turns, sees the green derby and goes for him.)

IRIS: I hate you, Maurice, as I hate all men except Napier—but I want you.

MAURICE (quickly breaks away from her): Iris—damn it, girl, this is evil!

IRIS: I despise you, Maurice—but I'm enchanted. We are both enchanted.

MAURICE: Not I—I'm old English. (She chases him and he jumps out of the window; Iris stares after him. Enter Hotel Proprietor C. He must not wear hat.)

PROPRIETOR: Madam—if you please.

IRIS: Thank God—no hat.

PROPRIETOR: Please do not misunderstand me, madam. I am the proprietor of this hotel—and it is a very high-class hotel. I appreciate your custom, madam. But I must ask you to please stop throwing things out of the windows.

IRIS (softly): Oh—if you only knew. Phantoms—cruel, bullying phantoms.

PROPRIETOR: I do not know what it is, madam. But surely you can exercise some self-restraint.

IRIS: I will try, monsieur—I will try very hard. But meanwhile, will you be so kind as to send

(Continued on page 64)



Photo Goldberg

MAY COLLINS AS LADY TEAZLE

One of the surprises of the present season was the selection of this young actress for one of the most coveted rôles in classic comedy. Miss Collins played Julia in "The Rivals," where her beauty and talent attracted the attention of Mr. Tyler when he was casting "The School for Scandal"

The London Stage

The Hamlet Experiment. A Fine Performance of Tess. The Pirandello Season

By J. T. GREIN

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent

London, Oct. 15, 1925.

DO you know what it is to see your prophecies fulfilled?

As I sat in the Kingsway, I remember how I outraged Victorianism when I suggested that *Hamlet* might be produced in modern dress. Here it was, a *fait accompli*, an experiment, thanks to Sir Barry Jackson and his company that has more than justified itself. The apathy of the general public who patronize the West End Theatre has been roused by curiosity and they have discovered that Shakespeare at his greatest is as modern as ourselves. Not once do we laugh at the incongruity of the costumes. We are indeed more at home, for the atmosphere is more familiar, the actions more natural and the dress more fitting.

This *Hamlet* of Colin Keith-Johnstone is not removed from us by centuries. He is alive, a man-like unto ourselves, an impressive and inspiring figure. Polonius is no bearded dotard, but a clean-shaven and polished Minister of State, and A. Bromley Davenport invests him with a queer, pathetic drollery of manner. The King-villain is an usurper with a dangerous suavity and an easy dignity that Frank Vosper makes both persuasive and valid. Muriel Hewitt makes Ophelia a child of infinite pathos and that mad scene was vibrant with reality.

I have not space to analyze and pay just tribute to the acting, but I want to emphasize that novelty is not the secret of the play's appeal. Plus-fours and smart modern frocks will not move a theatre no more than trunk hose and Elizabethan frills. Something comes out of the play as we watch it from this new angle. There is a nearer humanity and a quicker life. Though majesty suffers in its picturesque externals, there is a majesty and dignity of soul that leaps through the intimate language and makes us respond as we never before had done. For this is a greater play than we ever knew. How poverty-stricken our modern dialogue sounds after these wondrous harmonies, how wondrously penetrating are these heart-searching subtleties, how vivid and swift is this intuitive insight into men's souls. Here is the whole canvas of life—the life we know—seen steadily and whole. Here is the voice of the master who is not of an age but for all time, and never again do I ask to see *Hamlet* in the fustian and trappings of the past. This is the true production. *Hamlet* in modern dress—*Hamlet* in contemporary life—*Hamlet* the very body and pressure of our own time.

IHAD misgivings when I went out to the little Barnes Theatre to see *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, which Hardy in his old age had dramatized. Memory called up the failures—the short-lived effort of Mr. Kennedy that proved of the stage, stagey,

and that monstrosity that amounted to a sacrilege which was presented to us as a film. Could *Tess* walk the stage? Could the tragic atmosphere, the Æschylean force of the novel be recaptured before the foot-lights? If anyone could do it, then the grand old man of Wessex was the only man. The difficulties at first seem unquarable. How shall it be possible to squeeze on to the narrow cockpit of the stage all that background of immutable Nature, all that gallery of simple folk, all that soul that burned in the heart of *Tess*? Some have condemned the play as deficient



BEATRICE LILLIE

Popular English comédienne, who arrived from London recently to appear in *The Charlot Revue* of 1926

in construction—it is a narrow view. The heart of the book is here, bare, poignant and infinitely simple.

We forget the moment of anti-climax after *Tess*'s haunted departure when the murder was done. The playwright is too anxious to fill his canvas and the landlady's appearance strikes discordantly—I say we forget this technical error in the shaking, tremulous beauty of those closing scenes on Stonehenge. The simplicity, the pathos, the infinite yearning and the poetry of that reunion and that parting clutched the heart-strings. "I am ready." The story is done, the play is ended, the Katharsis of suffering has been fulfilled. Miss Françon Davies proved herself. Her rendering, sensitive and intelligent, was moved by a genuine sincerity. Her eyes, wide open, were filled with sadness and her gestures were always eloquent of simple nature—a beautiful creation and not less beautiful because it overbrimmed with an exquisite pain. The Angel Clare of Ion Swinley had a virility and a validity in consonance with the character. These two bear the yoke of the tragedy and the rest are but a chorus. I will not be churlish and criticize the

minor faults of craftsmanship and production. To me it is more than enough that here we have the stuff of drama, a tragedy all pity and pain, with an Ariadne thread of purity and heroism woven into it, that gives it the dignity and the intensity of a Greek play and reveals the workings of a great mind.

NOW we have had our Pirandello season at the New Oxford and our Pirandello done into English at the Everyman and the Lyric, it is fair to ask how it is that he has captured the European theatre. He has been compared with the giants and adjectives of laudation have fallen thick as leaves in Valambrosa about his name. Let us concede at once that he has an amazing faculty of presentation. His technical gifts, his craftsmanship, his sense of theatre, cannot be disputed. Yet all this is but a dazzling shell that hides an empty void. It certainly is amusing to see characters through a spectrum, so that you are left puzzling how much is truth and how much is fiction, how much is illusion and how much is reality. Guessing is always an amusing pastime, and Pirandello is dexterous in his game. He can be impressive and voluble, but he is never expressive. There is no content. It is all gesture and glibness, and what is this blend of quasi-philosophy and psychology but a successful bluff? Henry IV in white wig and sackcloth, though Ernest Milton gave a fine performance, still had no significance. His madness—or pretended madness—never really disturbed my emotions nor enlisted my intellect. It has none of the soul that belongs to tragedy, none of the humanity that makes drama. Here is a king who chases a dream—not an ideal, not a purpose—but a feeble thing that runs away from life, a cowardly pessimistic madness. Can such feigning mean ought to men at grips with life?

In the *Six Characters in Search of an Author*—certainly the best of his plays—we laugh or we enjoy the thrill of the situation, but when you have subtracted the craftsmanship and when you get at the roots of the philosophy, what is it but an enervating pessimism? "And that's the truth"—the plays are eminently actable, the devices employed have an uncanny deftness, the amusement they afford springs out of their novelty, but true greatness is a bigger thing and a finer thing than Pirandelloism. It does not bewilder, it does not storm the moment with mere cleverness. It has the integrity of an inspiring message and the vision of the poet—the maker—who can lift the curtain on the deeps of life and flood the darkness with a cleansing light of divine radiance. Pirandello explodes with a brilliant spark, but ere it illumines aught it is lost in its own dust and smoke.



Arthur Schnitzler, novelist and physician, playwright and philosopher, is a penetrating satirist as well as a sparkling wit. This season we are privileged to enjoy two of his plays: *The Call of Life*—of the vintage 1906—with which the Actors' Theatre opened its current season, and *The Lonely Way*, a later creation, which The Theatre Guild has promised

Photos by
Continental Features



Vandamm, N. Y.

Ashley Dukes, English playwright, translator and critic, has brought to America his comedy of Elizabethan manners, called *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, combining romance, sentiment and Lotharian prankishness



Franz Lehar, the Viennese composer of *The Merry Widow*, was a bandmaster until the time he wrote the operetta which set everybody humming. Because Geraldine Farrar is to sing the title-rôle, a fiery Spanish maiden, in *Frasquita* this season, New York may expect to catch a glimpse of Lehar's broad back and silvery hair before long



Albert Szirmai, the Hungarian composer, has written some few dozens of operettas. George Choos has promised to let Szirmai's *The Runaway Princess* loose on Broadway some time this season. Early last Summer Mitzi brought her countryman over here for a brief visit, and since he has been seen walking down the gangplank of a Cunarder some three or four times



Dr. Rudolf Beer, director of the Deutsches Volkstheater and the Raimund Theater in Vienna, has brought plays to the Austrian capital from all over Europe. Before the current season will have been ended Dr. Beer will bring to the Kaiserstadt a play from America—*Dancing Mothers*—in which he will star Sári Fedák, the recently divorced wife of Ferenc Molnár, the Hungarian playwright



A composer of note, Emmerich Kalman retires to Ischl every Summer to write an operetta or two. About two years ago he composed the score of one called *Countess Maritza*, which, after many announcements by nearly every one of New York's musical comedy producers, will reach Broadway, sponsored by the Messrs. Shubert, some time this season

PERSONALITIES OF THE THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

Dramatists from Europe Who Are Helping to Supply Broadway With Plays

The Play That Is Talked About

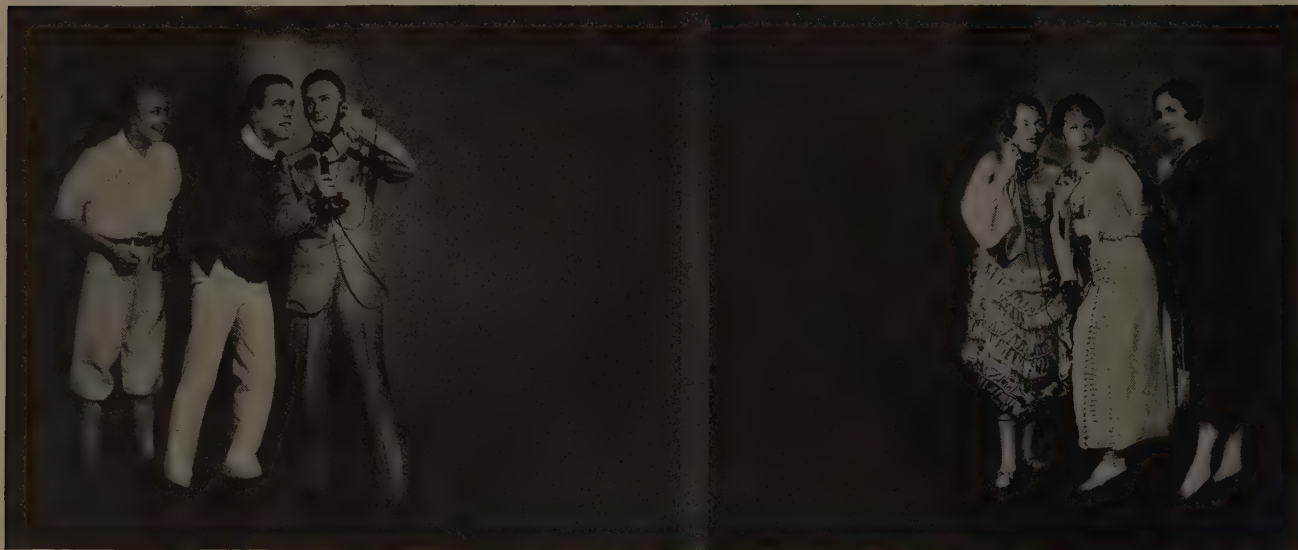


Photo G. M. Messlere

Three hard-pressed cake-eaters (Raymond Guion, Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Hackett) receive offers of two thousand dollars apiece from three neglected wives (Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver, Margaret Dale) in return for consolation

The Cradle Snatchers

Farce-Comedy in Three Acts, by Russell G. Medcraft and Norma Mitchell

RUSSELL G. MEDCRAFT and Norma Mitchell form the collaborating team responsible for this riotous farce-comedy, which is sure of a long stay on Broadway. It is a dramatic exposé of philandering husbands. The wives of the triflers round up a few cake-eaters in a spirit of revolt and retaliation. The dialogue is brilliant and epigrammatic, the situations unusually funny, the theme not without its moral, though heavily sugar-coated. The following condensation is published by permission of the authors and the producers

THE CAST

(As produced at the Music Box)

Susan Martin	Mary Boland
Ethel Drake	Edna May Oliver
Kitty Ladd	Margaret Dale
Anne Hall	Mary Loane
Elinor	Myra Hampton
Francine	Mary Murray
Jackie	Moon Carroll
Henry Winton	Raymond Hackett
George Martin	Cecil Owen
Roy Ladd	Willard Barton
Howard Drake	Stanley Jessup
José Vallejo	Humphrey Bogart
Oscar Nordholm	Raymond Guion
Paul	Gerald Phillips
Mimi	Margaret Moreland

THE first act takes place in Ethel Drake's apartment in New York City. At the rise of the curtain Ethel is busy helping her husband pack for a hunting trip, which he is going to take with the husbands of two of Ethel's friends. After the men have departed, the three wives, Ethel, Kitty and Susan, and Kitty's young niece, Anne Hall, remain at Ethel's for a game of bridge.

SUSAN: Aren't men wonderful?

ANNE: Yes, wonderful.

SUSAN: Yes, well, I don't mean it the way you do. Wonderful humbugs. George is shocked at what I say, but I bet he shrieks with laughter at the club at things that'd make Florence Mills blush.

ANNE: But I think that's nice of him, that keeps the romance.

SUSAN: Romance, my dear, that and your sponge bag you leave at the hotel when the honeymoon's over.

ETHEL: And your favorite powder-puff. But joking apart, isn't it awful to think that romance, all the things we dream of as girls, all the beautiful things that send us to the altar, trembling with joy, must vanish, like—like youth does.

ANNE: Oh, but it doesn't always.

ETHEL: Have you ever known two people who've been married for ten years or more being still romantic, I mean with each other?

SUSAN: Yes, one couple. She's a cook in the daytime and he's a night watchman. They haven't met for twenty years and dote on each other.

ANNE: Oh, of course, you two are hopeless.

ETHEL: Well, my dear, keep your illusions as long as you can.

SUSAN: Yes, and come down to earth with all the greater bump. No, I say, get used to the idea that it won't last as soon as possible. I hope you noticed that our husbands didn't press us to go with them or even consult us.

ANNE: But, my dear, they've gone hunting.

SUSAN: I wonder.

ETHEL: What do you mean, Susan?

SUSAN: Well, they wouldn't be the first husbands to go hunting—romance.

ANNE: Well, I may be old-fashioned as

you have said many times, but I think—

SUSAN: Get out, Anne! You don't really think at all. You just echo some fool women's magazine.

ETHEL: I don't think she does at all, Susan.

SUSAN: Ethel, she *does*. She's always telling us how to manage a husband—just like a magazine tells you to make a plum pudding. Get one first, Anne, and see what happens. You'll change your tune—or, rather, *he* will.

ANNE: All I say is: Always be sweet and kind, and—

SUSAN: Sweet and kind! Always! Why, it would drive a man out of your home and into a madhouse. Wait until you get a husband! Try sweetness on him at the breakfast table and he'll move you to tears. That's just what he doesn't want *then*. That's why grapefruit is served at every breakfast.

ETHEL: My experience has been that it's best not to appear at the breakfast table at all. I don't think there's a woman living who can compete with the stock reports or cross-word puzzles in the morning.

SUSAN: And you're quite right, Ethel. Of course, sometimes you have to appear because servants won't serve two breakfasts; but if you do you want to be dumb about it—wear a pretty negligée, so that when he turns the pages he won't get a shock, but don't talk.

The wives continue to give the young girl cynical pointers about marriage until she asks in despair:



The hero, Morano, exiled cavalier and temporary pirate



Mrs. Ducat, the shrewish wife of the English governor



The footman who, when hostilities threaten, sadly doubles as a soldier



A woman of the town, who complains of the inconveniences of war



This West Indian slave-girl decides that an invasion may have its compensations



A frail sister who fears the ardor of the enemy may not be entirely inspired by Mars

"POLLY" AT THE CHERRY LANE PLAYHOUSE

In His Costume Designs for John Gay's Opera, Joseph Mullen Has With Rare Artistry Added to the Grace of Eighteenth Century English Dress, the Brilliant Colors of the West Indies

ANNE: Oh, dear! Is it always this way? Are you and Susan typical wives?

SUSAN: There's only one answer to the whole thing, Anne—and that's money. If you've got enough to live on without a husband, don't marry. If you haven't, pick a rich one. A man is a pill in any case, but if you need one, get one just covered with sugar!

Ethel and Susan arrange the bridge tables as they await Kitty, who, soon after the departure of the men, left for a brief osteopathic treatment.

SUSAN: The truth of the matter is that I'm disgusted, Anne. Here are Ethel and I both full of regrets. And Kitty Ladd's on the way—or Ethel thinks she is, rather—and she's full of regrets. We're three quite average women. There are millions of us. Now what's the answer.

Kitty Ladd returns from the doctor's office and Ethel and Anne leave the room to prepare tea. Susan and Kitty are left alone.

KITTY: Well, I've done it, Susan.

SUSAN: Sh! sh! Close the door. Well?

KITTY: Yesterday settled me. I went to the office about half past three. He was just leaving—said he had a business engagement. I didn't like the way he said it, and so I followed. He went to the Ritz and I lost him, but I went in later for tea, and there he was! His business was with an attractive little flapper who looked about eighteen years old.

SUSAN: Hm! So the gossip was right. Silver threads among the gold.

KITTY: It's perfectly ridiculous. A child who ought to be in school. Still is, for all I know. And here I thought I failed because I wasn't mentally his equal! And I find the other woman just a chit of a girl! If it wasn't that I love Roy, it would be funny.

SUSAN: Well, it isn't funny, Kitty. There's nothing at all funny about a flapper. In my opinion flappers are fiendish.

KITTY: He's making a fool of himself and of me. And that's what makes me mad. I simply will not let Roy make a fool of me.

SUSAN: I don't blame you, Kitty. Any woman who lets her own husband make a fool of her deserves it.

KITTY: I'm going to do just what he's doing. It may save us financially, anyway.

SUSAN: Financially? What do you mean?

KITTY: It's like this, Sue. If Roy makes a laughing-stock of himself with this baby-girl, he'll lose his position at the bank. That's happened several times in the last few years right here in New York. He's in line for the presidency, but a public mess like that would eliminate him, of course. The work of years would be lost. So even if I can't bring back his love, I'm determined I'm going to bring back his common sense.

SUSAN: But how? What can you do?

KITTY: Of course, the whole thing is beyond my understanding. He's always seemed to feel his years so much. Now I like to dance. But Roy thinks we're too old. But, apparently, he didn't really think he was too old! He thought I was. Well, I'm going to show him that I'm just as young as he is and I can do exactly the same things.

Susan begs to be told what Kitty intends to do, but Kitty maintains silence on the subject. Ethel returns with the tea things, and Kitty, looking in the bottom of her tea-cup, predicts that a tall, thin man will soon call to make a fourth at bridge. The door-bell rings and Henry Winton enters. He is a well-dressed

youth of twenty, verging on the cake-eater type.

HENRY: My beloved, I am at your service.

ETHEL: Kitty, this is too much altogether! It's an imposition! I can't allow it here—it's—*(Kitty and Henry burst out laughing.)* What is this, anyway? Are you two playing some sort of a joke?

KITTY: Of course, it's a joke. Ethel! Don't be silly! I'm—I'm nearly forty. Henry is—how old are you, Henry?

HENRY: Twenty-one in January; my mother was a June bride.

SUSAN: Oh, my dear!

ETHEL: Still I don't understand.

KITTY: Well, you're going to. Ethel, you've heard the gossip about my husband?

ETHEL: Roy—well—er—



G. M. Kesslere

The mildest of the cradle snatchers (Edna May Oliver) warns her hired Romeo (Raymond Guion) not to take his position too literally

KITTY: Now you needn't try to spare my feelings. I know. Everybody knows. He's running around with some starry-eyed bobbed-haired little goose who might easily be his grandchild. Well, with Henry's help, I'm going to bring him back to normal. He has his infant and I have mine. *(Looking at Henry.)*

HENRY: Oh, now, Kitty!

KITTY: There's nothing personal in that, Henry. Ethel's got to understand. If anything will bring Roy to his senses, Henry will. Henry alone is quite all right. But with me, he's ridiculous. That'll get Roy.

SUSAN: Henry, are you going to stand for that? I don't think you're ridiculous in the least.

KITTY: Henry has to stand for it. That's what I'm paying him for.

After Kitty hurls this bomb, the other women meditate. Then:

ETHEL: Kitty, I want to ask you something. Have you ever heard anything—er—funny about my husband? I don't really think Howard has any young thing on the string, but—well, he's been awfully distant lately—too—

KITTY: Are you sure you want the truth, Ethel?

ETHEL: Of course I do.

KITTY: Even if it hurts?

ETHEL: Then you have! Have you, Sue?

SUSAN: Of course she has, Ethel. Everybody has but you. I saw him at the rendezvous one night with an awfully pretty girl. He forgot I

knew he was an only child and introduced her as his niece.

ETHEL: Oh! Another flapper!

SUSAN: I guess we're all in the same boat, Ethel. I know I am. I wonder if it's natural. Of course, young grass is the greenest.

Bridge is abandoned, and Ethel and Susan quizz Kitty about Henry. She explains that she advertised for him, a college student preferred. Susan and Ethel ask him if he has any friends. HENRY: Oh, lots. A fraternity-house full. And they're all green with envy over my job. You see, these days fathers aren't as easy as they were. And, you see, since all the old men are after the flappers, it costs much more to keep our ends up.

The result is that Henry promises to secure two friends, both college boys, to play similar rôles to his own. Susan is promised a Spanish osteopath and Ethel a blond Dane. Kitty explains that she is paying Henry two thousand dollars for six months. The women write checks and it is arranged that as Kitty Ladd is to spend the week-end at her summer home, that the three youths will dine there and they will all go dancing later. Henry telephones and arranges the appointment with his friends. Anne re-enters the room just as Henry is ready to depart. Her services are enlisted as chaperone for the week-end party.

SUSAN: Oh, Anne, Anne, isn't it going to be wonderful?

ANNE: What is it? What's it all about? And where did he come from?

SUSAN: We'll tell you all about it later. Oh, but it's going to be wonderful, Anne. Wonderful. Simply—

ANNE: *What?* What is?

SUSAN: I'm going to have a boy.

ANNE: Oh, Susan! Darling! You never told me! *When, Susan?*

SUSAN: To-night.

THE second act takes place in the Ladd's summer cottage at Glen Cove, L. I. Kitty is working industriously manicuring Henry's nails as the rise of the curtain reveals them. They discuss the two friends Henry has secured for the other disgruntled wives.

KITTY: Now this Spaniard, José Vallejo—you must be particularly sure he knows what it's all about. Susan is—

HENRY: Yes—Susan is—?

KITTY: Well, Susan's a friend of mine, and I don't mean to be catty, but she's not what you'd call—er—

HENRY: I know. You mean that when it comes to men, she's not what you'd call—*anemic?*

Susan enters and they discuss the Spanish osteopath. When drinks are served, Susan asks:

SUSAN: Does this José drink?

HENRY: Well, he knows what a throat's for.

SUSAN: I see. I don't drink very much. It doesn't have the usual effect on me—it doesn't make me amorous, it makes me sick. Which is aggravating. Does he know English well?

HENRY: Oh, yes. Very well. How's your Spanish?

SUSAN: Null and void, conversationally, Henry. But between you and me, emotionally, I just *am* Spanish, Henry! That's the only explanation for the way I feel.

Susan goes to her room to dress for dinner, and while she is gone the two boys arrive.

JOSE: Come through with the dope about this two thousand dollars and do be quick.

HENRY: Ssh. Sssh.

(Continued on page 52)



Photo Florence Vandamm

ANN HARDING—A LILY IN THE THEATRE

Her Radiant Beauty and Quiet, Emotional Force Have Made of the Schoolmistress in "Stolen Fruit," a Translation of Dario Niccodemi's "La Maestrina," One of the Outstanding Acting Successes of Many Seasons

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The Tower of Lies. A Regular Fellow. The Pony Express

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

THE fine talents of Victor Seastrom, the Swedish director who came to America some seasons ago to make motion pictures here, have resulted, after several more or less disappointing efforts, in one of the most beautiful and poetic of photoplays. This picture, filled with a gentle, wistful loveliness and given tragic strength by the director's ability to breathe into it something of the spirit of peasant-folk tragedy, is called, for some reason or other, *The Tower of Lies* and is taken from Selma Lagerlöf's novel, "The Emperor of Portugalia."

Into the simple, tragic tale of the poor old peasant, who went mad when his daughter left him to go to the city and who thought himself the medieval emperor he had impersonated in the daughter's childhood games, Seastrom has managed to inject something of that epic spirit of the peasant's eternal struggle with elemental conditions that Hamsun has caught in his "Growth of the Soil." In the background of the film there always lingers a feeling of the inevitable presence of a grim Earth, to which all the figures in the drama belong. That is as much a part of the photoplay as the tom-toms that accompanied the Emperor Jones on his flight were a vital part of the O'Neill drama.

The picture has several faults that give it a superficial tinge of the conventional that is undeserved. The story moves slowly in its central portions. A villainous seducer from out of the old-time melodramas cheapens the tale, and a hollow and unconvincing ending of the supposedly "happy" variety has been tacked on. But these flaws, regrettable as they may be, are of minor importance when you consider that Seastrom has filled the picture with true photographic beauty, that he has endowed it with real poetic spirit and has managed to achieve the mood of authentic tragedy.

SINCE one of the screen's greatest virtues is the opportunity it gives for the creation of an imaginative and significant symbolism, it is surprising that so few pictures are adequately endowed in that field. It is here perhaps that *The Tower of Lies* is at its finest. In few photoplays has the choice of symbols been so eloquent. In one case, Seastrom shows a plow in motion that dissolves into a spinning wheel. In another he shows the sun breaking through the clouds after a rainstorm. In a third a scarecrow on the hilltop dissolves into a bleak, grim cross. All of these devices are simple and, divorced from their positions in the photoplay, unconvincing enough. But in the film they become important and

somehow intensely moving. Here is poetry caught by the motion-picture camera.

For purely theatrical effect, *The Tower of Lies* contains several scenes that are enormously effective. In the final section of the film—before that unfortunate con-

existence. Here you have a moment of authentically thrilling cinema.

Lon Chaney's performance as the grief-crazed Jan is one of the most notable of recent screen portraits. He ceases to be a Hollywood actor and really becomes the poor old peasant, the brother of that unforgettable protagonist, Isak, of *Growth of the Soil*. Perhaps the most impressive portrayal of the cast, however, is contributed by Claire McDowell in the comparatively brief and simple rôle of the wife of Jan. The grim old woman, as Miss McDowell plays her, seems less the actor and more the actual person portrayed than any player this reviewer has encountered since Gibson Gowland, who had the leading rôle in *Greed*. Norma Shearer, as the daughter, has a more conventional rôle than either Miss McDowell or Chaney, but she acts her scenes admirably. Only Ian Keith, as the melodramatic villain, is unbelievable, and for this the rôle may be almost as guilty as the actor.

A REGULAR FELLOW

KNOWN interchangeably as *A Regular Fellow* or *He's a Prince* is this latest cinema venture of that up-and-coming screen comedian, Raymond Griffith. Intended as a sort of wild satire on royalty—perhaps, and it should be whispered gently, even at the expense of the Prince of Wales—the comedy starts magnificently, falls tragically into the doldrums and then catches itself in time for a successful conclusion. The whole thing is amusing, but just a trifle disappointing.

The opening is really quite superb. The dashing heir to a throne, which the producers hasten to point out is an imaginary one on the shores of the Baltic, is shown at his regular activities, darting from ceremony to ceremony, christening a battleship—that proceeds to slide gently down the runway and then sink quietly into the depths of the sea—dedicating fire-engines and indulging in all the furioo ceremonials of royalty. At each appearance he is clad in a natty new uniform, donned somewhere in the depths of the automobile that takes him from function to function.

These scenes that mock gaily at the business of royalty are so delightful and fresh in conception that the central part of the film comes as an almost tragic let down. Here the producers seem to have lost all of their inventiveness, while their photoplay wallows helplessly in the depths of old-time slap-stick.

Fortunately, the ending aids things considerably. The scenes showing the desperate efforts of the new king to persuade the revolutionists to overthrow him are



Arnold Genthe

GRETA GARBO

Swedish actress and one of the greatest screen favorites of Europe recently came to America to appear in Metro-Goldwyn pictures

clusion—there is an episode in which the mad old peasant races in his crazy frenzy to the boat in a last, wild effort to prevent his daughter from leaving him once more. For sheer acting virtuosity this scene, I think, is as effective as any single episode I have encountered on stage or screen. The only thing to which it can be compared is the piano-playing scene of Noel Coward at the end of the second act of *The Vortex*, and any such comparison by no means shames the work of Lon Chaney in *The Tower of Lies*.

There are other highly effective episodes also. When the mad old peasant, Jan, gazes upon his daughter, decked out in the gaudy clothes she had gained upon the streets of Stockholm and sees her as the beautiful Empress of Portugalia, you have a scene that is moving and impressive. Then, too, there is a touching episode at the beginning of the picture, wherein Jan, who had regarded the coming of a daughter as just an unpleasant event that meant another mouth to feed, begins to see the baby as something strange and beautiful that has entered his dull, bleak battle for



Gloria Swanson as a Byzantine Ikon of the Early Seventeenth Century

Study by Maurice Goldberg

amusing, though less novel in idea than the opening episodes. It seems unfortunate, however, that the rest of the film lacks the sparkle that the first twenty minutes of the picture promised.

Raymond Griffith continues to play with that debonair pertness that is his chief quality as a screen comic. Perhaps the main distinction of his work, though, is this—he is the only comedian of the films who makes no attempt to be wistful and tragically appealing. For wistfulness he substitutes an enormous self-assurance that somehow manages not to be annoying. Some screen reviewers object that the well-bred, intelligent manner of Griffith has no place in pictures that border on slap-stick. It has always seemed to me that there is something particularly amusing about these qualities thrown down in the midst of a wild and foolish farce, that the features which spoil him for so many are really his outstanding virtues. But he is wasted in the commonplace stuff that makes up the central portion of *A Regular Fellow*. Continued in the mood of the first section, the film would have been a comic masterpiece.

THE PONY EXPRESS

THOUGH James Cruze, who directed that famous film epic, *The Covered Wagon*, implored the reviewers not to refer to *The Pony Express* as related to his former picture, it is impossible not to do so and still give any adequate idea of this newest Cruze production. For in mood, theme and treatment the two pictures are on common ground.

The West in the days when the Civil War was threatening and North and South were maneuvering for the support of the new country of California is the setting of the picture, and the story ends with the outbreak of hostilities between the States. It is rumored that there are some people who will be antagonized by the men this photoplay intends to glorify, upon being presented with the information, via a subtitle, that "The riders of the pony express saved California for the Union." But such persons, of course, are under the suspicion of being unfriendly to that cultural capital, Hollywood.

Despite a certain epic sweep to the story, *The Pony Express* would have been little better than another Wild West melodrama but for the humanizing touch of James Cruze. In a hundred ways the director has managed to brighten the photoplay into something approaching life.

There are those screen reviewers who believe that these hard-riding Westerns are the only true type of the motion picture. They write ecstatically of the poetry of a horse dashing madly uphill or the glory of redskins and cowboys engaged in mortal combat. To these writers I recommend *The Pony Express*. For it is not in the scenes of melodramatic incident that the picture is impressive. It is the characterizations of the sturdy, colorful figures of the old frontier that makes the film of interest.

There are, in particular, three characterizations in *The Pony Express* that catch the spirit of pioneer days with far more effectiveness than do all the scenes of hard riding and harder fighting that make up most of the picture. These three frontiersmen are played by Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence and a comparative newcomer named George Bancroft with delightful gusto. Bancroft, in particular, is impressive in a rôle that might have descended into a melodramatic heavy.

The Pony Express is an interesting picture that would have been even better if



E. R. Richee

BEBE DANIELS

As Zabette, the persecuted heroine in *Volcano*, a story of the West Indies, shortly to be released by Paramount Pictures

the director had concentrated more thoroughly on his racy characters.

THE FRESHMAN

THE best thing about Harold Lloyd's new comedy is the opening caption. It reads: "Tate—a stadium with a college attached." Unfortunately, such a title gives cause for hopes that are not to be fulfilled, hopes that the bespectacled comedian—if I may coin such a novel phrase in describing Lloyd—is going to satirize that splendid and almost virginal field for satire, American college life.

Perhaps he did make some attempt to achieve such an exalted aim, but, if so, he has fallen considerably short of his mark. *The Freshman* does deal with college life in the mood of comedy, but it accepts too readily the idols of the undergraduate to be successful as satire.

Perhaps, though, it is unfair to criticize the picture for failing to achieve something that Lloyd may never have had in mind. Judged merely as slap-stick comedy, based upon a series of what the comedy makers call "gags," *The Freshman* can be classed as just a bit better than moderately amusing. Its chief weakness is a common one with makers of screen farce. It is hard for Lloyd to refrain from overworking his

various "gags" until every bit of humor has been extracted from them and then some.

THE DARK ANGEL

THE *DARK ANGEL* is a combination of romantic love drama at its best and laborious sentimental hokum. Fortunately the former quality is somewhat more pronounced, so that the picture becomes a rather interesting example of popular cinema entertainment.

Really fine is the closing scene provided for this film version of the stage-play by H. B. Trevelyan. It recounts the efforts of Hilary Vane, blinded in the war, to convince his former sweetheart that he is not blind, but merely loves her no longer. It is his romantic notion that his duty requires this sacrifice, so that the girl will marry the man to whom she had become engaged when she thought Hilary dead. His frantic efforts to prevent her from discovering his affliction and her final discovery of his gallant, heart-broken deception provides as fine a scene as you could find in months of religious cinema-going.

Unfortunately the better scenes in *The Dark Angel* are separated by stretches of dullness and the picture is injured by the injection of humorous relief that is almost unbelievably bad. Nor do all of the director's efforts at symbolism quite come off. With these reservations the picture can be recommended to those who like gaudy sentimental spectacles. In the leading rôles two admirable romantic portraits are created by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

HAVING scored what was at least a financial success by disguising as a woman in *Charley's Aunt*, Sydney Chaplin tries it again in *The Man on the Box*. About the only difference between the two pictures that I could observe is that in the new film he plays a younger woman. The picture struck me as being hopelessly uncomic.

The screen adaptation of *The Circle*, Somerset Maugham's play, is ruined by the attaching to it of an ending that spoils the entire point of the affair. On the stage, the young wife, who is about to run off from her husband, and her lover are brought face to face with the old couple, who in their youth had done the same thing, and they see how unhappy and even ridiculous are the old people. The young pair realize that they too will grow to hate each other and will curse the day on which they decided to run away—but there is no resisting for them and off they go.

In the screen version, the producers have allowed the lovers to run off, but then they have become frightened at their temerity. So the husband, who had been pictured throughout the photoplay as a complete weakling, suddenly becomes the heroic and outraged male, dashes in pursuit, beats up the lover, drags the wife back home—and then where does your "circle" come in?



Ruth Harriet Louise

"LA BOHÈME" ON THE SCREEN

The delicate, wistful air of Lillian Gish as Mimi, the little flower-maker, and the romantic bearing of John Gilbert as Rudolf, the poet, will bring a new poignancy to Metro-Goldwyn's film version of Murger's love tale of the Latin Quarter

M . U . S . I . C

The Metropolitan Prepares to Glorify the American Composer and Incidentally Announces Some Interesting Novelties

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE Metropolitan Opera Company is preparing to glorify the American Composer. It is going to give this season a ballet by John Alden Carpenter, and it has ordered for next year an opera by Deems Taylor. Mr. Carpenter's ballet is entitled *Skyscrapers*. There couldn't be anything more American than that, and it is said that Mr. Taylor's opera is also to be on an American subject. So far so good. Of course, there have been other glorifications in the past. There were *The Pipe of Desire*, and *Mona*, and *Cyrano*, and *Madeleine*, and *Shanewis*, and *Cleopatra's Night*, and *The Temple Dancer*, and *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, and *The Legend*, and, alas! they are no more. But this time the lightning may strike, and Mr. Carpenter has already shown that he can write a successful ballet in his *Birthday of the Infanta*, while Mr. Taylor in his *Looking-Glass Suite* has displayed a very pretty fancy. On the opening of the season we are all optimists—so here's to Mr. Carpenter's ballet and Mr. Taylor's opera! May they glorify their composers and the Metropolitan!

BUT these are not the only good things in the Metropolitan's grab-bag. The novelties and revivals announced for the present season are by far the most interesting lot that Signor Gatti has picked out of recent years. First and foremost there is Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol*, and in it New York will perhaps make its first acquaintance of a futuristic opera. However it may sound to the lovers of Verdi or even of Wagner, it will certainly be worth the giving, and perhaps it may present the nerve specialists with an additional case or two. In Manuel de Falla's *La Vida Breve*, Spain, most neglected of all operatic nations, is to have its innings. This work has been given with success both in Paris and Nice. Perhaps its music will show us what the Spaniards have always insisted, that *Carmen* is not really Spanish. Italy is to be represented by two novelties, although one of these, Spontini's *La Vestale*, is more than a century old. *La Vestale* probably won't sell out the house, but every musician in the city will undoubtedly be there. The other Italian novelty is our old friend, *The Jest*, set to music by Giordano, under its original title, *La Cena della Beffe*. Giordano's music is never very exciting, but the opera ought to give a splendid opportunity for an original piece of acting.

THE revivals are almost equally interesting. First and foremost we are to see the only Feodor Chaliapin in Massenet's *Don Quixote*. Here again the acting rather than the opera will be the thing. Then, after seventeen years of hesitation, Metropolitan audiences are to have Ravel's delightfully scabrous *Spanish Hour*—that is, if Mr. Sumner decides to keep his hands off, which seeing that the Chicago company

has already given it here, he probably will. Wolf-Ferrari's *Jewels of the Madonna* will also be sung for the first time at the Metropolitan, though not the first time in



OTTO KLEMPERER

Who is one of the most distinguished of the younger German conductors, will share with Walter Damrosch and Eugene Goossens the conductorship of the New York Symphony Orchestra

New York, and there will be revivals of Peter Cornelius' *Barber of Bagdad* and of Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. The latter work was last given in German, but now that Bohemia is free and turned into Czecho-Slovakia, it ought to be sung either in its native Czech or in English. It probably will not be sung in either. The Metropolitan believes in opera in the original language—when that language happens to be English, Italian or German.

If the new singers were as interesting as the new operas, a really brilliant season might be hoped for. But they aren't. Signor Gatti will probably reply that there aren't any new singers who are interesting in the world, but if they were the Metropolitan would have them. Well, perhaps it would. He has at least engaged a new German tenor, Herr Melchior, and any new German tenor may well prove more interesting than the two now possessed by the Metropolitan. Then there is Carmela Ponselle, the elder sister of Rosa, who used to sing duets with her in vaudeville. The other newcomers have all their spurs to win.

The older stars are all with us again. We are glad to welcome among the tenors Gigli, Martinelli, Johnson and Chamlee. We are less glad to welcome the ever-singing Lauri-Volpi. Now that the Metropolitan is glorifying the American composer, it might help glorify the American

tenor by giving Chamlee more performances than he had last season. He deserves them. Among the barytones there are Whitehill, Schorr, Danise, Scotti, De Luca and Tibbett, and among the basses, Chaliapin, Bohnen, Mardones and Rothier.

IN the soprano choir are Jeritz, Ponselle, Bori, Alda and Rethberg; in the contralto choir, Matzenauer, Gordon and Telva. A lovely voice in Gigli, a splendid acting singer in Johnson, a personality in Jeritz, and Antonio Scotti and Feodor Chaliapin supreme in their own particular ways. There is no Melba, or Calve, or Maurel, or Caruso, or De Reszké. Chaliapin comes the nearest, and if his voice were what it was ten years ago, he might be placed with them. The Russian is a great actor, one of the greatest, worthy to stand just a peg below Maurel. He has the grand manner, and that with his stature makes most of his fellow artists seem smaller than they really are. The grand manner is rare indeed today. Besides Chaliapin only Scotti, Whitehill and Johnson have it at the Metropolitan. Bohnen and Rothier at times approach it in their acting, and Schnorr, Rethberg and Mardones and sometimes Gigli have it in their singing. It ought to be made obligatory for every other singer in the company to be present when any of these artists appear. For opera was conceived in the grand manner, and when that manner entirely disappears then opera disappears with it.

ONE standard, however, is at least higher than ever before—the standard of prices of admission. Orchestra seats this year are to cost, with tax, \$8.25 instead of \$7.70.

Whatever may be the case with art, the box-office standard will certainly not deteriorate. This is one of the blessings vouchsafed us by the war, and those who made money through the war will reap their reward at the opera as elsewhere—with the probable exception of the Heavenly Regions! And the result is already apparent. Ask any of the older ushers their opinion regarding the change in audiences since 1914. Their answer would be instructive. It isn't merely that white gloves have disappeared and that dinner coats have thrust out the swallowtail—it is something far more significant. It has been said that each new war makes a new aristocracy. Perhaps—but what price aristocracy? The Metropolitan box-office schedule answers that the price is exactly \$3.25—the difference of orchestra seats between 1914 and 1925. But it is improbable that either the ushers or even the box-office attachés would give this answer. Their answer would not be given in dollars and cents, but in terms of human personality, and it probably wouldn't be in favor of this year of grace 1925.

ELIZABETH KANDT

All who have heard this newcomer at the Metropolitan declare she has an excellent voice



LAURITZ MELCHIOR

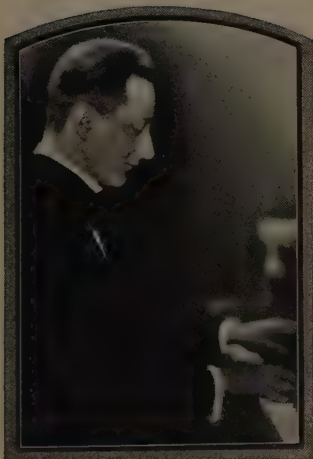
New Danish tenor, engaged for Wagnerian rôles at the Metropolitan

CARMELA PONSELLE

Who now follows the path made by her sister, Rosa, from vaudeville to the stage of the Metropolitan



Mishkin



HANS BARTH

American composer who will give a series of piano recitals this Winter, to illustrate, with his own creations, the newest trend in music



FRIEDA HEMPEL

Carbed as Jenny Lind, this German soprano awakens memories of the *bel canto* of the Swedish Nightingale



JACQUES THIBAUD

Who will shortly return from France to appear as soloist with the New York, Boston and Detroit Symphony Orchestras

THE MUSIC SEASON OPENS

Old Favorites and Interesting Newcomers Give Promise of a Rich Season

Helen Hayes, one of America's youngest stars, now appearing in *The Hope of the House*, a new play especially written for her by James Forbes. She is shown here with June Walker at her Summer home near Syosett, Long Island



Noel Coward, the brilliant young English dramatist, and Laura Hope Crews, the American actress, who is now contributing all the real humor there is in Mr. Coward's comedy, *Hay Fever*, at the Maxine Elliott



Underwood

Marion Talley, eighteen-year-old lyric soprano from Kansas City, who has been put under contract by Gatti-Casazza and will make her debut at the Metropolitan this Winter. The daughter of a telegraph operator, she studied at home and recently returned from Italy, where she went for finishing touches in preparation for her career

The home of the late Richard Mansfield at New London, Conn. Beatrice Cameron, the actor's widow, is seen standing at the fireplace. The old house is now used as rehearsing headquarters for the new organization, "The Mansfield Players," of which Mrs. Mansfield herself is a leading member



De Mirjian



P. D. Kenyon

THE PASSING SHOW

Some People of Consequence in the Busy Theatre World

R . A . D . I . O

The Value of Instituting Radio Rehearsals. Roxy Back for the Winter

By CHARLOTTE GEER

RADIO, after a lethargic Summer, has responded beautifully to the stimulative effects of the colder weather. Not only has the subject matter of the programs improved, but the quality of the reception is noticeably better. Everyone, particularly the Radio Corporation of America, is rejoicing that superpower has demonstrated that it does not blanket the reception of near-by stations. Mr. A. Atwater Kent, over WEAf, had succeeded where Otto Kahn failed, and has given the Radio public the opportunity to hear the finest artists of the world on a regular Sunday evening Radio concert course. WJZ has effected a reconciliation between the theatre and the microphone, and no lesser light than Mr. Shubert has broadcast his *Student Prince* company and is planning as we write to continue the experiment. Altogether the events of the last month or two have been epoch-making, and those of us who used to snort when Radio was mentioned are now utilizing our superiority complex in snorting at the people who do not own a set.

OF course the subject that is provocative of the greatest argument is whether the illustrious artists supplied by the Atwater Kent Company can approximate on the air their triumphs on the concert stage. There is room for as many opinions as there are people in this discussion. One man will complain of the absence of resonance, another will mourn the lost overtones and a third will maintain that the microphone of WEAf detracts nothing from the voice of a singer or the note of a violin. In this connection a letter we recently received from Thomas J. Cowan, director of the New York Municipal Station and formerly connected with the Metropolitan Opera Company, might be of interest. Mr. Cowan says: "It is the human element that enters into the control of Radio that is often the cause of its most serious errors. And the listening public surely realizes how many and how great and grievous these human (inhuman?) elements have been and, most unreasonably, still are. The very patience of the American public is responsible for the slow development of better standards in all of our artistic ventures. The time is fast approaching when a unified and unqualified protest against bad taste in any public performance will be the means of establishing a standard that has long been the rule in the much-despised 'Old World.' "Is there any question of the artistic capabilities of such artists as John McCormack or Lucrezia Bori, and yet who will say that with the best means of transmission now available that they sounded in their Radio recitals as we are accustomed to hear them on the stage of the opera? Those who have heard them in the flesh were much kinder in their judgment be-

cause they were acquainted with what these artists really could do. Those who heard them for the first time on Radio took into comparison their recording activities, which are refined and rehearsed to the 'nth' degree, whereas in the Radio recital they



Mishkin

DOUGLAS STANBURY

Leading baritone of the Capitol Theatre and a former member of the Chicago Opera Company, delights Radio audiences with his fine singing over WEAf

walked up to the microphone 'cold.' One would naturally think that in a great broadcast like this there would have been rehearsals, but herein lies the difference between Radio and the theatre, and the difference is always evident in the best-laid plans of Mike and the program men.

"There is always the reluctance of the Radio artists, particularly the ensembles, to demand rehearsals, to say nothing of there being no provision in any Radio studio for a rehearsal room where the artist, microphone circuits, etc., could be co-ordinated to the best acoustical advantage. There are, for example, certain compositions that up to the present time have never proved themselves good for broadcasting, and yet they are consistently on the air."

FOLLOWING along this line of thought, it was interesting to compare the work of Toscha Seidel in one of the Atwater Kent programs with that of Godfrey Ludlow, who up to that time held

the position of Radio's greatest violinist. Whether Mr. Seidel had rehearsed before a microphone we cannot say, but he displayed an amazing mastery of that technique over which Godfrey Ludlow has spent hours of painstaking endeavor. His brilliancy came over extraordinarily and the program was heavy with compositions that were calculated to show up Mike at his best or worst. Mike acquitted himself like a man and upset not only all our theories, but we suppose those of Mr. Cowan. However, we concede that as a general thing the artist before a microphone, like a woman who regards her face in a mirror, will perceive that he cannot get by *au naturelle*—artifice is necessary to broadcast a perfect program through the complicated mechanism of transmission.

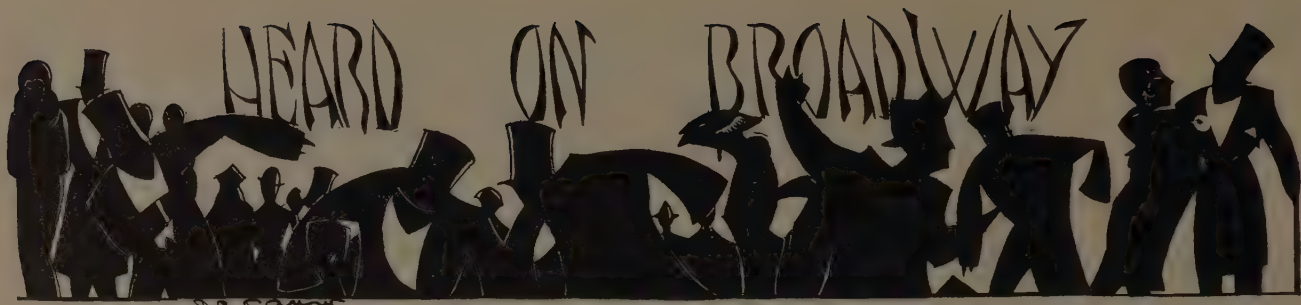
Baseball, football and tennis held the stage during the early and late Autumn, and we had many opportunities to compare the erudite McNamee with the jovial Carlin and the more restrained Major White of WJZ. The Davis Cup matches were as well done as any sport event. WFI of Philadelphia had them in hand and provided an announcer whose enthusiasm was pleasantly shared by his audience.

ON a certain Sunday in October we heard in the one day a church service, a concert from the stage of a motion-picture theatre, a dinner concert by a well-known jazz orchestra, a tabloid version of a popular operetta, a recital by a world-famous violinist and the Peary expedition sailing home from the Arctic and broadcasting off Monhegan Island. Surely the most capacious can find food for heart, brain and senses in Radio. The fact that Roxy is back on the air with a gang, if not "the" gang, is another delightful surprise of the past few weeks. The first intimation we had of his imminent return was a letter received in October.

"This is the first note I have written since my return from abroad," writes Mr. Rothafel "and I have in front of me your article in THEATRE MAGAZINE. I wish I could find words to express to you how I feel. When I tell you that the words blur a little bit—I think you will understand. How can a fellow help but make good and how can anyone help but give everything that is in him when from every side comes this beautiful message?"

We are glad indeed to welcome Mr. Rothafel back to the field where he is pre-eminent. Not even the trills of the opera singers or the cadenzas of A. Atwater Kent's violinists can rival the ring of his "Hello, everybody!" in itself a little sermon on the value of friendliness.

The Landay Hour on WJZ has developed into a broadcast that rivals WEAf's
(Continued on page 54)



By L'Homme Qui Sait

ANOTHER vaudevillian, by name BENNY RUBIN, is almost a certainty for Broadway next season in a comedy drama on the order of those in which a younger DAVID WARFIELD appeared. RUBIN is one of vaudeville's newest discovery, having shot upward from the ranks with the speed and brilliancy of a meteor.

ALLAN POLLOCK, the tall and rangy British actor who impressed this side so favorably a few years back in *A Bill of Divorcement*, will be over next year for a new play which GILBERT MILLER will present. This same MR. MILLER, by the way, will also handle a Shakespearian revival in which GODFREY TEARLE, BASIL RATHBONE and PHILIP MERIVALE are scheduled to appear. And this is not forgetting that JANE COWL is now under FROHMAN management and MILLER is the FROHMAN head.

M. H. GULESIAN, whose play, *Made in America*, opened at the Cort a month or two ago, is one of the richest men in New England. His play concerns an Armenian immigrant and the story throughout Times and Longacre Square is that the drama is in its essence the life of its author.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE, who put on *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, is planning a repertory and subscription theatre of his own and is now obtaining subscribers. He plans to revive *Sweeney Todd* and is also considering plays by GIACOSA, GORKY, CHEKOV and a few others. And, lest we forget, the first play on his list is the delectable *If*, by LORD DUNSANY.

No GILBERT & SULLIVAN this season, for the MESSRS. SHUBERT have called off all plans for a road company of *The Mikado*. Lovers of light opera, however, will find solace in a production of *Chimes of Normandy*, which a certain MR. HIBBS is planning for late November.

LENORE ULRIC will appear, so latest rumor goes, in *Miss Lulu Belle* under BELASCO management. This is the most recent play by EDWARD SHELDON, and the author is said to be greatly pleased that MISS ULRIC will play it, as he wrote it originally for her. This arrangement, however, leaves HELEN MENKEN without a vehicle.

The Camperdown Affair, a drama by BERNARD MERIVALE and another, will be produced shortly by FROHMAN, INC. PHILIP MERIVALE (a cousin of the author) will head the cast.

The THEATRE GUILD'S next play of the SHAW series, so rumor runs, will be *Pygmalion*.

The same organization, incidentally, has abandoned its plans for producing *The Conquering Hero*, a comedy by ALLAN MONKHOUSE which had been announced in a prospectus of the season's plans.

The partner of E. RAY GOETZ in bringing RAQUEL MELLER to this country is said to be none other than A. L. ERLANGER, who owns shares in many productions, but whose individual name rarely graces—printer, please follow copy—a program as a producer.

WALTER HAMPDEN and ETHEL BARRYMORE, now associated in the Shakespearian productions in MR. HAMPDEN'S own theatre, will shortly be co-starred in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

By the time this appears, WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., will probably have presented another JOHN DRINKWATER play, based on the life of ROBERT BURNS, this making a triumvirate of biographical dramas which the English dramatist has contributed to the local stage.

KATHARINE CORNELL returns to MR. BELASCO the first of next season, so present plans go, and he will present her in *The Desert*, a play by LORENZO AZERTIS and adapted by GEORGE MIDDLETON.



The SHUBERTS planned to substitute WALTER WOOLF for HARRY WELCHMAN in *Princess Flavia*, now running at the Century. WELCHMAN, an imported singer, raised a complaint which immediately caused all billing to be changed and his name substituted on many huge billboards for that of WOOLF. The latter remains in *Artists and Models* until such time as the operetta based on *The Firebrand* may be ready.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose play, called *To Make a Short Story Long*, is to be produced by PHILIP GOODMAN shortly, will leave New York immediately after the première for a trip around the world. He will be gone

for several years, and the residents of Zenith have not announced any intention of seeing him off.

Newspaper men are still writing plays. Among those recently mentioned as having drapars lying around in their trunks awaiting production are WARD MOREHOUSE, of the *Herald Tribune*; HERMAN MANKIEWICZ, of the *Times*, and BIDE DUDLEY, of the *Evening World*.

A group of wealthy Broadwayites, impressed by the continued success of *Garrick Gaieties*, has been talking for several weeks now of financing a revue for next year on a large scale for MESSRS. HART and RODGERS, who did the words and music of the down-town show.

The actions of two prominent playwrights at premières of their plays last month were interesting to observe. When *Antonia* opened at the Empire, the veteran and pudgy EMIL LENGYEL paced the rear of the theatre nervously and could not be persuaded to answer rather vociferous, if planted, demands for a curtain speech. When *Lucky Sam McCarver* opened at the Playhouse, SIDNEY HOWARD was nowhere to be seen when the audience cheered for him to appear. Those making an early exit, however, observed an unshaven and nervous man coming down the second balcony stairs. It was HOWARD.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, incidentally, was desired for the title-rôle in *Lucky Sam McCarver*, but his insistence that IRENE FENWICK, his wife, play opposite him, forestalled negotiations. The producers believed MISS FENWICK unsuitable to this type of part.

ANN HARDING, the principal luminary of *Stolen Fruit*, protested genuinely against the action of the play's management when they put her name in electric lights as a featured artist. MISS HARDING'S plea was that the players in this instance were subordinate to the play.

RUTH GORDON will not play *The Reluctant Duchess*, a new piece by MRS. ALICE DUER MILLER, as has been rumored. This play is being held by CHARLES L. WAGNER for the use of HELEN HAYES.

Before long the old reliable AL H. WOODS will have another of the *Potash and Perlmutter* series on Broadway and SAM BERNARD will play one of the partners. In the forthcoming play, which is nearing completion in California at the hands of JULES ECKERT GOODMAN and MOTAGUE GLASS, *Abe* and *Mawruss* are partners in motion-picture productions.

Following her withdrawal from *Princess Flavia*, MARGUERITE NAMARA will be seen in a new operetta called *Jenny Lind*, the libretto of which was written by her husband, GUY BOLTON.

ELSIE FERGUSON, by the time this appears, will have nearly finished her next vehicle, called *Illegal Relations* and written by MARTIN BROWN, who was last represented on Broadway by *Cobra*. In her support will be BASIL RATHBONE, who also appeared with her in *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*. *Illegal Relations* is being rehearsed in Boston, as MISS FERGUSON is playing an engagement there.

T H E A M A T E U R S T A G E

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



A silhouette from *It Isn't Done*, by Carl Glick, which he produced last year at the University of Colorado. The play has since been translated into Hungarian for presentation at the Modern Theatre, Budapest



Lighting and simplicity of detail contribute to the charm of this setting for *The Mikado*, constructed under the direction of Miss Lillian Nelson at the Johnson A. Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.

The Amateur's

Green Room



Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

OUR COLLEGE SERIES

SINCE the announcement of the forthcoming series of articles to be devoted to The Evolution of the Drama in Our Colleges we have had an embarrassment of riches in the number of requests from universities and colleges, asking to be represented. All of which presages a very lively interest in the series.

The first article, which will be published in the next issue, will be devoted to the University of North Carolina and Professor Koch's Carolina Players. We have given them first place in the series because Professor Koch has blazed a trail all his own in the field of dramatic endeavor, and we feel that the work of his Playmakers stands alone as a unique contribution to our American Drama.

THE BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PLAYERS

THIS group plans to start a little theatre of a frankly experimental nature in Brooklyn, N. Y., and those at the head of the movement have met with enthusiastic response and encouragement as a result of their trial performance of one-act plays last Spring.

Under the direction of Mr. Bennett Kilpack, of the Brooklyn Institute, they propose to give a subscription season of two plays at the Neighborhood Club, 104 Clark Street, on the evenings of November 23, 24 and 25—the second play date to be announced later. Their advisory board is made up of such distinguished names as Ahmed Abdullah, Faith Baldwin, Dana Burnet, Frank Conroy, Cornelia Henshaw, Nunnally Johnson, Arthur Pollock, Phyllis Povah and Margaret Wycherley.

"IT ISN'T DONE"

IS the intriguing title of a play by Carl Glick, which he produced at the Little Theatre of the University of Colorado, Boulder, Col. The play has been published in "A Treasury of Plays for Men"

and received several productions last Winter. It has also been translated into Hungarian for presentation at the Modern Theatre, Budapest, Hungary.

This Winter Mr. Glick will assume the direction of dramatics at the University of Montana.

THE YPSILANTI PLAYERS

UNDER the direction of Daniel L. Quirk, this progressive and highly successful group have recently announced their plans for the forthcoming eleventh season.

Although they have been offered a larger house in which to produce their plays, they prefer to continue in the familiar setting of their delightful reconstructed barn-theatre, which has been the scene of many successful productions. To quote from their announcement: "We prefer to deliberately keep small and, we hope, individual."

Their first offering of the season will be Dunsany's *If*, presented for the second time in this country. Another play will be *S. S.*

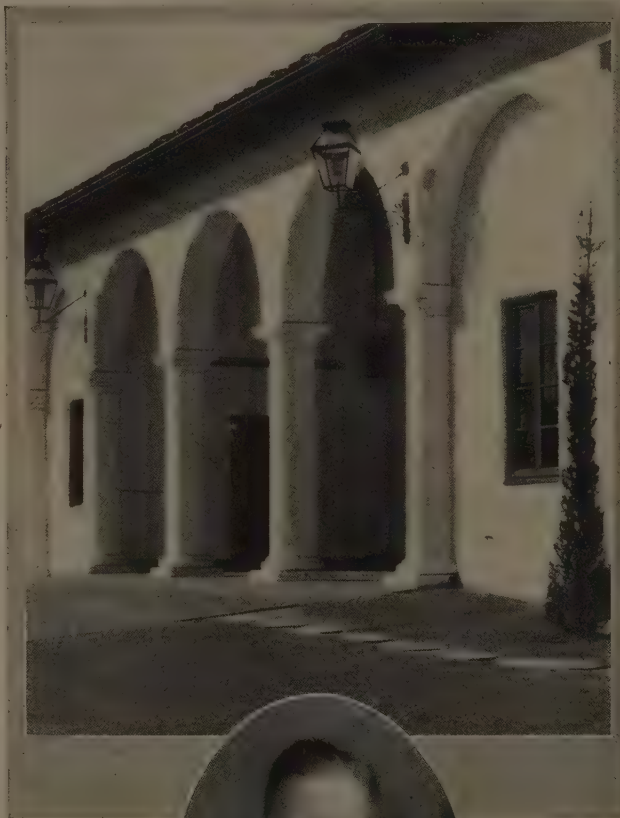
Tenacity, translated from the French of Charles Vildrac by Mabel Britton, one of the Ypsilanti Players. Martinez Sierra's *A Romantic Young Lady* will also be included, as well as two programs of short plays, taking in Schnitzler's *The Farewell Supper*; *The Apricot Tree*, by Clifford Bax; *Sweethearts*, by W. S. Gilbert; *The Forsaken*, by Amy Lowell; *The Gypsy Scene from Fedya*, by Tolstoi; Anton Tschekov's *The Swan Song*, *The Host*, by Ferenc Molnar; *Joe*, by Jane Duffield; *Gloria Mundi*, by Patricia Brown, and *Salvage*, by Doris Ransohoff.

The Ypsilanti Players were honored last season by such distinguished guests as Prof. George P. Baker, Jessie Bonstelle, Gordon Davis, Ruth Draper, Jean Abel Gros, Elizabeth Hines Hanley, Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Mistinguett and Lorado Taft.

SANTA BARBARA WINS COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

THE Community Arts Players of Santa Barbara are to be congratulated on the acquisition of so able a director as Mr. Clements, who will head this group with the opening of their 1925-26 season at the Lobero Theatre.

Mr. Clements, who will fill the position left vacant by the resignation of Miss Nina Moise, has just finished his third season as director of the School of the Little Theatre at Gloucester, Mass., where he put on over a hundred plays, including several of his own.



Above: Façade of Lobero Theatre, the home of the Community Arts Players, Santa Barbara, Cal.



Oval: Mr. Colin Campbell Clements, who has assumed directorship of the Santa Barbara players



In this effective scene from *Torches*, the Minnesota Masquers used a new unit set, which they recently acquired. The play was produced under the direction of Lester Raines

Before the war he was with the Portman-teau Theatre of Stuart Walker as actor, stage-manager and play reader. After the war he went to Syria and Roumania in the Near East Relief and for three years studied the theatres of France, Italy, Greece, Roumania and Turkey, and while in Bucharest, Mr. Clements directed several plays at the Roumania National Theatre, among which were *Rip Van Winkle* and a play written by Queen Marie.

The Lobero season will open with *Merton of the Movies*, to be put on by Mr. Clements, whose ideal in the Santa Barbara work is to make the theatre a real community playhouse, using as many people and as great a variety of talent as can be assembled.

WALTER SINCLAIR AT HART HOUSE

WHAT is Hong Kong's loss proves to be Toronto's gain, in the person of Mr. Walter Sinclair, who has assumed the directorship of Hart House Little Theatre, at Toronto, Ont. For twelve years he was director of the Amateur Dramatic Club of Hong Kong, China, with a long list of notable productions to his credit.

For the season of 1925-26 at Hart House, Mr. Sinclair has planned an ambitious and varied program, opening with *Redemption*, by Leo Tolstoi, in which Mr. Ben Ami will play the leading rôle. This will be followed by a light comedy, *I'll Leave It to You*, by Noel Coward, the author of *Hay Fever* and *The Vortex*.

The balance of the season's program includes the ancient fable, *Turandot*; St. John Ervine's *The Ship*; *Outward Bound*, a Christmas entertainment, *The Rose and the Ring*, a musical burlesque, adapted from Thackeray's farce by Harris Deans, with music by Robert Cox and lyrics by Desmond Carter; *The Angel in the House*, a satirical comedy by Eden Phillpotts and Macdonald Hastings; Galsworthy's *The Silver Box*, *The Toy Cart*, a classic from

the Hindu; *The Magic Flute* and several other productions, the season ending with *Hart House Theatre Follies*.

A truly ambitious program!

THE MINNESOTA MASQUERS

UNDER the direction of Prof. Lester Raines, this dramatic group at the University of Minnesota announce as their program for the coming season Kenneth Raisbeck's *Torches* (which has already been produced); *Master Pierre Patelin*; *Romeo and Juliet*; St. John Ervine's *The Lady of Belmont*; *The Goose Hangs High* and a number of other plays as yet to be decided upon. They have chosen for their Spring Greek drama *Iphigenia Among the Taurians*.

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF DALLAS

THE Dallas Players announce for the season of 1925-26 an interesting and varied program, including *Wappin' Wharf*; *The Goose Hangs High*; *Aren't We All*; *Liliom*; *Treasure Island*; *Anna Christie*; *Children of the Moon*, *Candida*, *Ruined* and Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*. There will also be a bill of three original one-act plays by Dallas writers.

A CONFERENCE ON THE AMERICAN THEATRE

AS we go to press, we are in receipt of a letter from Thomas S. Baker, President of Carnegie Institute of Technology, announcing A Conference on the American Theatre, to be held at his institution on November 27 and 28, to which he invites representatives of American universities and colleges as well as representatives of little theatres and community playhouses and others interested in the advancement of the American Theatre.

Mr. Baker suggests in his letter that the growing interest in the Drama that has developed in our schools and colleges is "partly the result of a wide-spread feeling that the American Theatre is not in a

healthy condition." And it is the purpose of the conference "to ascertain what is being done throughout the country to focus the attention of the American public upon this movement."

The conference will be held under the auspices of a number of distinguished Americans who have a special interest in the progress of the theatre, and a full report will be published in an early issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

EUGENE FROST has joined the faculty of Northwestern University, where he will conduct theatre workshop courses. The University Theatre announces for the present season *The First Year*, by Frank Craven; Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*; Barrie's *Quality Street* and *Iphigenia in Aulis*, by Euripides. Vance Martin, formerly director of dramatics at the University of Missouri, has joined Northwestern and will have charge of the University Theatre.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SUMMER THEATRE

AHIGHLY successful feature of the Summer session at Cornell were the plays given by a repertory company of graduate members of the Cornell Dramatic Club, at the Cornell University Summer Theatre, where they played to capacity houses.

Their programs included Alice Gerstenberg's *Overtones*, Strindberg's *The Stronger*, *The Inn of Discontent*, by Percival Wilde; *Suppressed Desires*, by Susan Glaspell, and *The Death of Tintagiles*, by Maeterlinck.

Last season, under the direction of Prof. A. M. Drummond, the Cornell Dramatic Club gave ninety performances, with approximately two hundred students participating. This season they will open a new theatre, with a practical stage and workshop, completely equipped.



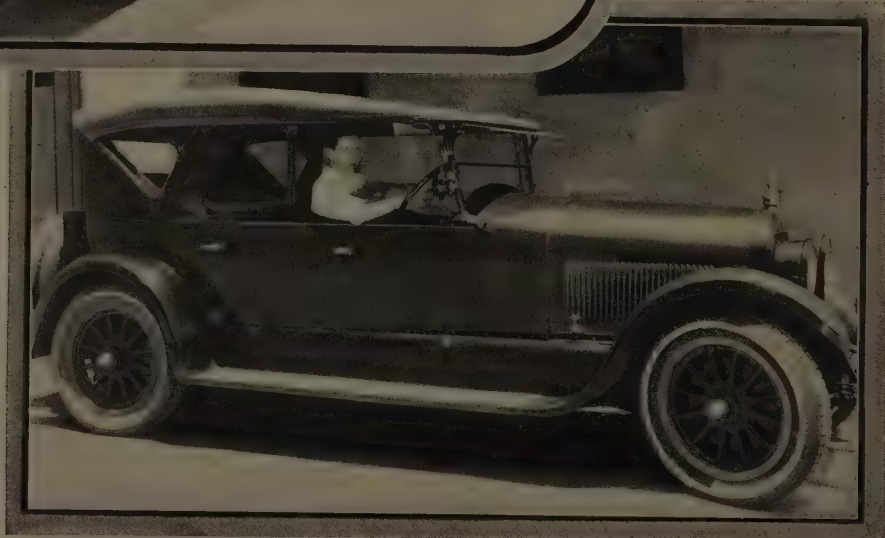
Earl Carroll, it is rumored, has an eye for shapeliness, an observation based on viewing his current *Vanities* and the excellent lines of his Oakland sedan

One of the reasons Gilda Gray is so enthusiastic about her recent stay in Paris is that traveling was made delightful because of her powerful and comfortable Renault coupé-limousine with its new curved-frame chassis, especially designed for city traffic



When this attractive Fisher custom-built phaeton, mounted on 138-inch Cadillac chassis, swings through the studio gates, it means Lloyd Hughes is ready for work

**AUTO "HITS" OF THE
SEASON: CARS WHICH
ARE SURE TO HAVE
A LONG RUN**





This drive-enclosed Pierce Arrow landau with its powerful motor, its luxurious furnishings and its excellent coachwork solves the problem of those who demand not only comfort, but also smartness in their cars



Edwin Carewe spends most of his day supervising films, but when his daughter decided to buy a car he took a holiday and supervised her shopping, with the result that she is now the perfectly contented owner of a Chevrolet coupé

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

(Continued from page 18)

by a gentleman named Osgood Perkins), aims to clean up his town by eliminating its "house with the shutters." He conducts a raid on the latter, which turns out to be a hornet's nest for himself, due to the fact that in it resides a young person who knows a thing or two about Dr. Strong's past. A pure young love story runs like a white thread through the piece and is used to point morals that are not visible to the naked eye.

The piece, unless it is suppressed, which is improbable, will make a great deal of money.

DEAREST ENEMY, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, is something very akin to a genuine comic opera. The period is of the Revolution, here in this city, and the incident on which the book is based is historic. To enable the junction of the Putnam and Washington forces, Mrs. Murray entertained the British officers with such splendid liberality—they were quartered at Kipp's Bay, Thirty-eighth Street, East River—that they forgot they were at war and later suffered thereby. Of course, added to this are youthful love affairs, American maidens and British officers and some humorous incidents of a discreet and harmless character. Herbert Fields has turned out a very graceful libretto—pruning will help—and Lorenz Hart's lyrics are not only singable but pregnant with genuine wit. The score is really delightful, combining as it does refinement and genuinely sustained melody throughout. Richard Rogers, the composer, responsible also for the music of the *Garrick Gaities*, is one of the coming lights of his particular field. The opera is beautifully dressed as to costumes and the scenery remarkable for the taste invested. John Murray Anderson staged the piece and into it has weaved a movement that is finely spirited throughout and endowed with really new and ingenious detail. It has a good singing chorus, and as the irrepressible 100-percent Irish-American lassie Helen Ford is seen at her best. Charles Purcell makes a handsome and tuneful British officer-lover, and Flavia Arcaro is excellent as Mrs. Murray. British officers of varying ranks are portrayed with a true degree of polite assumption by Messrs. John Seymour, William Evill, Arthur Brown, Harold Crane and Detmar Poppen.

THE Shuberts have well awakened to the fact that a singing chorus of merit and volume is a valuable asset. In the Janney production of *The Vagabond King* at the Casino the concerted numbers are rendered with rich gusto of pure tone and fine dramatic animation. The medium which calls forth this effort, *The Vagabond King*, is a singing version of Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic drama, which E. H. Sothern made popular a score of years ago under the title of *If I Were King*. Book and lyrics are by Brian Hooker and W. H. Post, with a score by Rudolf Friml that is marked by a fine melodic invention and some considerable musical distinction. As both prin-

cipals and chorus have had good training, the music is well rendered. The setting is richly elaborate, the costumes finely appropriate to the picturesque period of Louis XI, the which im-



portant character in the piece being played with real dramatic distinction by Max Figman, under whose direction the piece was staged; while Villon, the vagabond poet, is played by a real actor with a fine singing voice, Dennis King, who invests the rôle with a histrionic dash and abandon not often seen or heard in pieces of this description. It is a creation of fine intrinsic merit. His comic assistant, Guy Tabarie, is enacted with really delicious comic abandon by Herbert Corthell. It is a long cast and a big chorus. The acting throughout is above the average and the voices, fresh and melodious, do full justice to Mr. Friml's highly meritorious score.

PICTORIALLY *Arabesque*, at the National Theatre, is surprisingly beautiful. As a play it leaves much to be desired. When Norman-Bel Geddes, who had hitherto contented himself with providing pictorial embellishments for other managers' shows, emerged as his own producer, he provided himself with every essential except the main one—a play. For over two mortal hours a nondescript farrago was decked out with all the colors of the rainbow and a great deal of ingenious mechanism. It is Mr. Geddes' idea to change scenery without lowering the curtain, and, after darkening the stage, make certain shifts of his mechanical apparatus that leave the essential groundwork of the scene practically intact, but vary its ornamentation and coloring with many flamboyant suggestions. These suggestions do not reach every intelligence and require a special education to grasp, on the principle that Wagner's music is only truly great to the great musician.

It is a pretty safe conclusion that without further guidance on the program than the mere words, "The story takes place in a Tunisian village somewhere between the Mediterranean and the Sahara Desert," the uninitiated will be somewhat befogged. There was no doubt a riot of color all the evening, but just what it was rioting about was not manifest. Added to this was the formlessness of the dramatic material, so that the general effect was similar to an artist's palette upon which much gorgeous iridescence had been spread, but from which the observer had to evolve his own composition. Much money and considerable technical skill have been expended upon the merely visual parts of the production. A little clearer story and a few dramatic situations would have relieved much of the evening's tedium. There was a very large cast employed and many dialects in use. If anyone of the cast stood out above the others, it was Hortense Alden, a primitive electric spark, who played a Bedouin seductress with hectic intensity and unusual individuality.



IT would have been rash to predict that everyone would like *The Call of Life*, which the Actors' Theatre presented recently at the Comedy, but for those who appreciate sheer, stark tragedy this quite wonderful production of Arthur Schnitzler's play struck finely home. The version arranged by Dorothy Donnelly is more than skilful in its perfect presentation of the spirit and intent of this Austrian play. It is an opus written long ago, but it is a searching inquiry into whether life is a dream, a tragedy or a farce, and registers the reactions of humanity with convincing psychological accuracy.

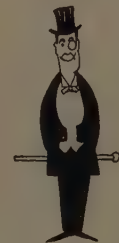
In this mordant study, Schnitzler shows how the majority of a group is defeated by fate in its endeavor to achieve that object in life which each has set his or her heart upon. The technic is ingenious in the manner in which circumstance weaves defeat into the web of life. The action takes place in Vienna in the year 1850, at the beginning of an imaginary war wherein love, passion, honor and dishonor are the controlling factors. It is seldom that a play is acted with such universal intelligence, discretion and skill, and to Dudley Digges, who staged it, all credit should be extended.

It is almost unfair not to mention each in the histrionic ensemble, so deserving is the quality of the work. But to Egon Brecher as the helpless, disagreeable, dishonest Moser, a blue ribbon must be awarded, while on the distaff side Eva Le Gallienne as the daughter who poisons him for freedom's sake, and Katharine Alexander as the cousin, a consumptive who, doomed to an early death, lives her brief life to the brim, were emotionally admirable, one by the repression of her feelings, the other by her hysterical display.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL is, to a large extent, an actor-proof play, and even when performed with ordinary skill, travels on its wit and intrigue into the good graces of an intelligent audience. A performance of it was given on the evening of October 23 at the Little Theatre by Mrs. Insull of Chicago, who, in earlier life, was Miss Gladys Wallis, an attractive ingénue, who made a signal success as the young girl of *The Senator* in support of William Crane for two seasons in New York a dozen years ago.

This production of Sheridan's comedy was made a special occasion, and a company devoid of stars, but with considerable talent, played the classic comedy without missing many of its points. The least dominating character proved to be the one played by the lady who "got up" the party, for Mrs. Insull played *Lady Teazle* too stressfully and laborily, and so missed fire. It was only in the screen scene, where, without apparent effort, she met the serious requirements of the part, that she rang true.

The outstanding success among the women
(Continued on page 70)



FASHIONS FROM NEW YORK
AND PARIS AS INTRODUCED
BY THE WOMEN OF THE
STAGE AND SCREEN



Photos by Muray

Miss Dorothy Hall, featured in *White Collars*, favors Stein & Blaine this season. This exquisite red chiffon velvet evening gown and silver bengaline evening coat, embroidered in silver bullion, trimmed with gray fox and lined throughout with red chiffon velvet, were especially designed for her. The straight line front of the dress is beautifully broken by the draped hip, which ends in a graceful jabot in the back. The cream-colored lace is delicately applied onto the velvet. Shoes from Delman



**GILDA GRAY, NOW A
FAMOUS PLAYERS
STAR, RETURNS FROM
EUROPE WITH EIGHT
TRUNKFULS OF THE
LATEST PARISIAN
CLOTHES**



Jeanne Lanvin defied the present-day style and designed this beautiful long-skirt evening gown of antique pink satin with silver cloth fitted bodice. An old-fashioned bouquet of tiny pink rose-buds, with streamers of silver ribbon, is saucily pinned at the front

Navy-blue silk voile, trimmed with crimson velvet and embroidered with metal rings and colored beads, is Lucien Lelong's inspiration for this afternoon frock, which he calls "Parade"

This very youthful Lucien Lelong afternoon dress is of seal and golden-brown combination chiffon velvet over a cocoa-color chiffon velvet slip. Collar and cuffs are of gold lace





A Jeanne Lanvin green wool Kasha coat, trimmed with beige-colored fur. Another innovation is Miss Gray's ankle bracelet, made of fine gold links, worn under her sheer hose.

Lucien Lelong has designed this "Bagdad" coat of gray velvet (appropriately named "Gilda Gray" in honor of the wearer) with the modish flat back and flare front, trimmed with chinchilla.



Green satin slipper, with a three-tier tassel effect rhinestone buckle, from Preciosa.



Unusual gray suede slippers, trimmed with red kid.



Hat in center is a green felt with a self-color felt gardenia, edged in silver and stitched in silver thread, from Louise Maray.

A Jeanne Lanvin coat of warm brown duvetyn with gold stitching and trimmed with genuine Jap mink. The front is of gold cloth, tightened in at the hips with a broad brown suede belt.



HELEN LEE WORTHING



JULIA HOYT

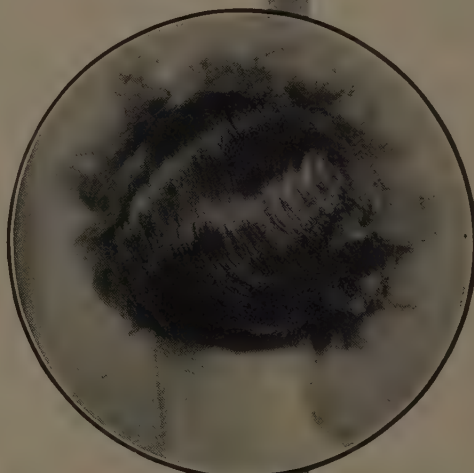


FRANCES HOWARD

Stars of the stage and screen, also fashionable society matrons, have received with enthusiasm these beautiful Manuel transformations. Boyish bob *pour le sport*, but madame must be feminine in evening clothes



CARLOTTA MONTEREY



Back view of opposite transformation



MARGUERITE NAMARA

Photos by Muray



COTY

PRESENTS HIS SUPREME PERFUMES FOR SUBTLY UNDERSTANDING GIFTS THAT REVEAL IN
MYSTIC FRAGRANCE THE MAGNETIC PERSONALITY BESTOWED BY THE MONTH OF BIRTH



JANUARY

Brilliant, original—before whom the heart swings as a censer—changeable—gay and sad without reason—ever aspiring—the fragrances of January's daughters are Chypre—Styx—Muguet—Iris.



FEBRUARY

Sensitive, sincere—limitless possibilities for strength and weakness, with depths of love unexpressed,—exquisite in taste—builders of home and happiness—for them Emeraude—Violette Pourpre—Lilas Blanc—L'Origan.



MARCH

Dominant in will, brilliant in mind, that which they desire, they will attain—ever independent, their charm is rare individuality—magnetic power to attract, expressed in Emeraude—L'Ambre Antique—Styx—L'Or.



APRIL

Daughters of laughter and tears, whimsical, changeable, swayed by the senses, yet true and generous with those they love, exquisite taste, gleaming wit—theirs is Parfum Paris—Lilas Pourpre—L'Effeurt—L'Ambreine.



MAY

Dual in character—ever aspiring and earthward turned—noble desires struggling with life,—impatient of criticism, capricious, but of deep sympathies—their magnetism is accented in Parfum Paris—La Rose Jacqueminot—Heliotrope.



JUNE

Unrest of spirit and body—ever seeking unknowable things—given to the dangerous sweetness of drifting and dreaming—impulsive, inconstant, brilliant, witty—for them Jasmin de Corse—Muguet—La Rose Jacqueminot—L'Origan.



JULY

Ardent and impetuous—strong with words to sway men, power to inspire magnetism, and delicate intuition. Loving life, luxury, beauty, theirs are the fragrances of Paris—L'Oeillet France—La Rose Jacqueminot.



AUGUST

Individuality—the beauty of noble ideals—deeply emotional and flaming to anger, inspiring to others but following their own will—generous yet changeable—for them—Emeraude—L'Effeurt—Violette Pourpre—Lilas Blanc.



SEPTEMBER

Secretive and mysterious—strong to like and dislike—dominant will, the serene calm of power—fastidious, magnetic, with imperishable youth and deep love of nature—theirs are L'Origan—Styx—Jasmin de Corse—Chypre.



OCTOBER

Fascinating, reckless, with the divine gift of enthusiasm—joying to cast the die with chance—generous, talented—prodigal hands, hearts gay but inconstant reflected in L'Ambre Antique—L'Origan—L'Oeillet France.



NOVEMBER

Of rare poise, keen will—wielding an influence on all, loving luxury, exquisite apparel, artistic surroundings—demanding attention, but of great courage and originality—for November born are Emeraude—La Jacinthe—L'Or—Paris.



DECEMBER

Swift to think and to do—volatile, impulsive, wholly individual, gifted for music or art—sensitive to praise or blame—drawing the love of others and loving with deep intensity—theirs are Chypre—L'Ambreine—Styx—L'Origan.



Coty's supreme perfumes are in two ounce flacons as illustrated and purse sizes of one ounce, half ounce and quarter ounce

COTY INC., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York

CANADA—55 McGill College Ave, Montreal



Gilda Gray's house at Oceanside, L. I., is a splendid example of colonial architecture. Built over 100 years ago, it has retained its Old-World charm in all details, not leaving out the brass knockers and quaint hall lanterns, although equipped with every present-day convenience

Russell Ball

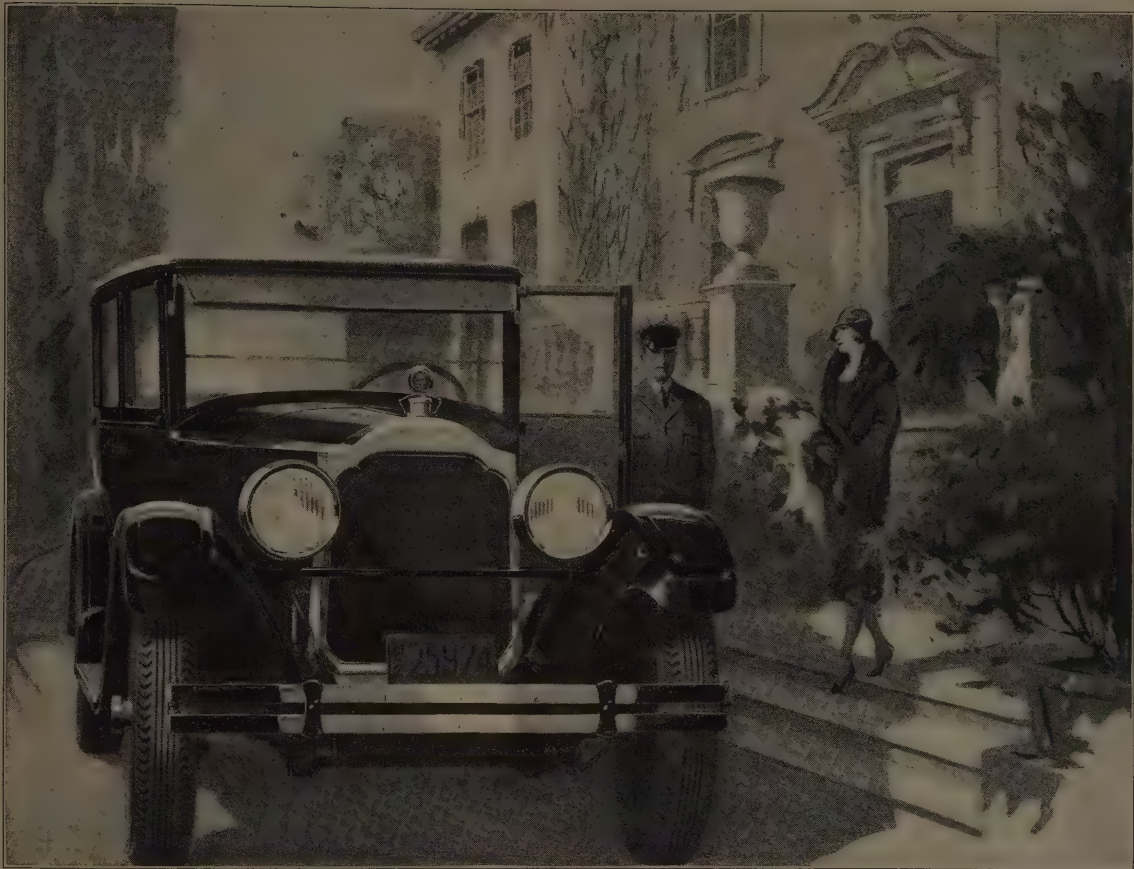
THE PLAYER AND HIS
HOME: MAGIC OF
ARCHITECTURE SHOWN
IN THESE THREE
CHARMING EXTERIORS



John Gilbert's California home is an example of the more intimate style of English stucco house with casement windows and sweeping roof; the modern tendency expressed in its large studio window. The lines of the house give it an air of cozy simplicity and freshness



The gayly-colored awnings, the graceful wicker furniture scattered about porch and lawn, the lotus-pool and the lights and shadows playing across the wide terrace add to the general brightness of Marion Davies' rambling and picturesque home in Hollywood



A New Measure of Fine Car Excellence

THOSE who had owned Packard cars for years were convinced that the Twin Six was the ultimate Packard. They did not believe it was possible to improve upon it.

But now these veteran Packard owners are buying new series Packard Eight cars.

And they say that the Packard Eight has qualities they had never learned to expect in any car.

The new Packard Eight cars give their owners:

Wider, more comfortable and luxurious bodies which retain all of the traditional Packard grace and beauty;

More and still smoother power combined with a new ease of control and freedom from gear shifting;

An unusual economy of operation;

And, best of all, the new improvements—the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier which double the life of the car. More, they emancipate Packard owners from the drudgery of constant oiling and greasing operations. On the new Packards proper lubrication is almost automatic.

The owners of Packard Eight cars have had to revise their ideas of how good a fine car can be.

The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan Limousine is illustrated—\$5100 at Detroit. Packard Eight and Packard Six both are furnished in nine body types, four open and five enclosed. Packard distributors and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE CRADLE SNATCHERS

(Continued from page 28)

JOSE: Oscar and I both broke dates to get here and if we don't like your story we're going back and keep 'em. So spill it.

Henry starts to explain the proposition.

HENRY: Listen—keep your voice down. (*Whisper.*) You're supposed to be Spanish.

JOSE: Spanish! Me? Born in Brooklyn, New York. Say, what in hell—

Henry attempts further explanations.

OSCAR: And are their husbands also—er—lazy?

HENRY: More or less Now—

OSCAR: Well, for the love of Mike, what's the matter with these women? Are they dumb or what?

JOSE: Shut up, Oscar. Let him talk!

HENRY: No, Oscar; these women aren't half bad, really. But their husbands have been flipping flappers, and they're all upset about it. Now at a salary of two thousand dollars apiece—

JOSE: Atta boy!

HENRY: We're supposed to bring these husbands back to the home fires.

OSCAR: Bring 'em back? Us? Say, listen, I'm not lassoing husbands at any price. Ropes hang as well as catch.

At first Oscar objects, he is suspicious, but Henry sums it all up.

HENRY: It means that for a time we devote ourselves to these women—go to places with them and be seen with them. There'll be teas in the afternoon, drives, dancing, theatres, bright lights and all that sort of thing. In short, we act like ardent lovers, attentive and gallant. Like we meant it.

Susan and Ethel enter and are introduced. José immediately becomes extremely Spanish, even boasting that he is not afraid of husbands.

JOSE: If you doubt it, it is because you do not know me, señora. But, consider, why should I fear? Am I not Don José Vallejo, the matador, whose two strong arms have choked the breath out of bulls in the rings of Barcelona? Am I not Don José Vallejo who, with one grip, tore the bars from the palace windows at Madrid, that I might better see the black eyes of a lady-in-waiting to the Queen! Am I not Don José Vallejo, in whose veins flows the blood of Castilian princes, who loved as they fought, fiercely and furiously, so that both their enemies and their women died from sheer exhaustion? Husbands! White, measly worms, I spit on them. *Caramba!*

Susan and José depart for a stroll in the garden and soon she is heard to cry out off-stage. Kitty and Henry go out to find out what is wrong, while Ethel and Oscar are left alone to get acquainted.

OSCAR: I want you to know, Ethel, that I'll do my best. I shall strive to please. That's my slogan.

ETHEL: Thank you, Oscar. Somehow, I think you'll succeed all right.

OSCAR: Thank you, ma'am. Now, don't you be bashful. While I am in your service, I want you to feel that I am yours—body and soul—to do with as you will. Any hour of the day or night—I'll give you the best that's in me. Ask me anything at all and I'll do it—if I'm able.

Oscar, in a gauche way, attempts to make love to Ethel, and she slaps his face for his efforts. They then go into the garden to join the others. When they return, the women look disheveled, José has his coat off and evidently has been giving osteopathic treatments. They recline on couches and low stools, with one playing a ukelele and all singing a romantic song.

ETHEL: And I want another drink, Oscar!

KITTY: I'm surprised at you, Ethel! Someone put up the lights.

SUSAN: No. I'm getting such a thrill, I like it better in the dark!

Oscar and Ethel dance. When they start up-stairs the three husbands enter by the windows. Roy crosses and puts up the lights.

THE third act takes place in the Ladd Summer home, with a general movement from the positions at curtain of Act II.

ROY: Kitty Ladd—what is this? What's going on here?

KITTY: Oh, Roy, I can explain—I!

ROY: Well, I hope you can!

KITTY: Yes, Roy, I—

ROY: Just a minute! Boys, I'll send the car away; it looks to me as if we'd be here for the night!

GEORGE: Susan Martin, I'm astounded!

SUSAN: How perfectly absurd! Surely we may be permitted to have whom we like over the week-end? Especially as you prefer to be elsewhere! You arrange your week-ends without consulting us.

Roy and Kitty and Henry and Howard and Ethel and Oscar leave the room to thresh the matter out separately.

GEORGE: I've certainly misunderstood you, Susan! To think that for years I've idealized you, believed in you, trusted you! To find you to-night dissolute, positively loose!

JOSE: Oh, but Señor Martin, how can you—

GEORGE: See here, young man, you'll oblige me by keeping out of this. The more you say the worse it gets. I'll settle with you later!

Finally Susan announces that they had all intended to go to Bard's to dance.

GEORGE: Bard's! My wife at a place like that!

SUSAN: Why not? You've been there!

GEORGE (*startled*): I?

SUSAN: Certainly you have! Don't try to look so innocent! I know all about your petty philandering! Do you take me for a fool?



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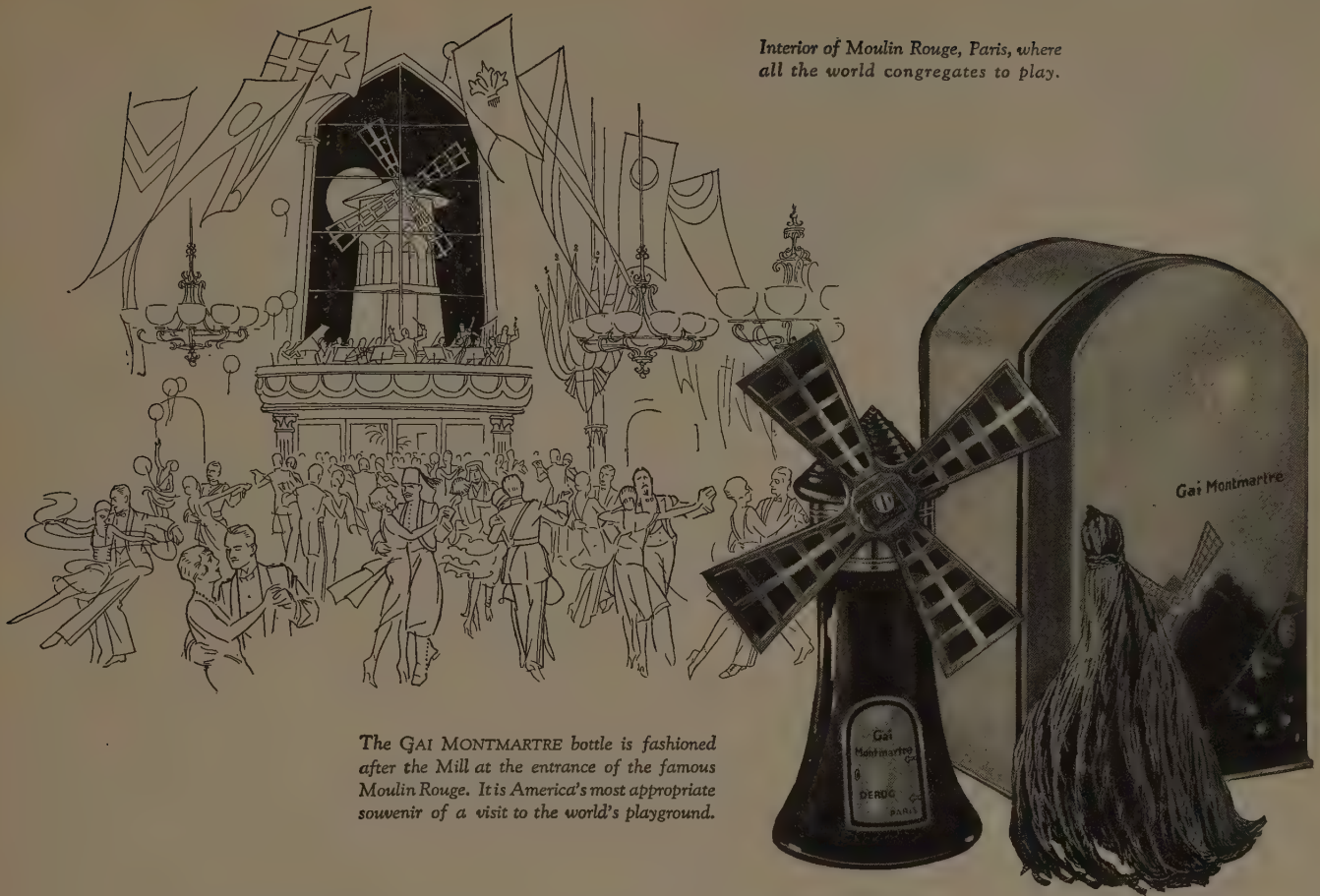
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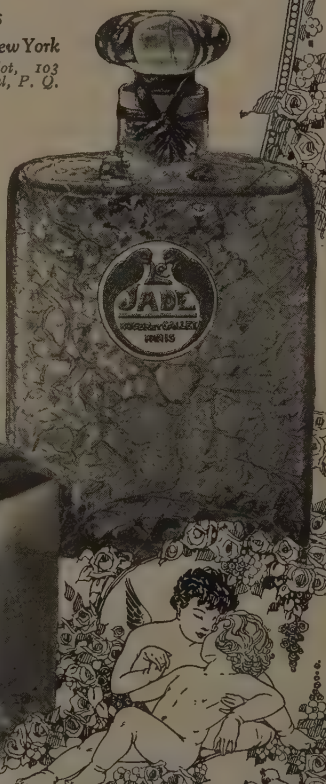
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GEORGE: How can you accuse me of such a thing?

SUSAN: Because it's true. And the sooner you realize one thing the better: what's sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander!

Ethel, Howard and Oscar return. It is apparent that Howard has smoothed things over with his wife, and she does not believe that he has ever philandered. Kitty and Roy return and she, too, obviously, believes her husband's story.

SUSAN: And I suppose it wasn't Roy you saw with that little blonde at the Ritz?

KITTY: Yes, it was Roy, but there was a very good reason for it.

SUSAN: Oh, yes, of course! Let's hear it.

KITTY: Well, she was a client and Roy was advising her how to invest her money.

Just as it appears that things are going to be straightened out, Paul, the servant, enters.

PAUL: The young ladies you sent away in the car, sir, are back again. They insist on coming in.

Jackie, Francine and Elinor, three little flappers, enter.

JACKIE: Yes, we do, George.

FRANCINE: Yes, Roy, we thought your story over and didn't care for it.

ELINOR: No, not a bit. What was the big idea, trying to get rid of us? Are you ditching us for another party?

It soon comes to light that one of the flappers is the supposed client, the other the supposed niece of two of the philandering husbands. The wives leave the room in a rage, pursued by their contrite husbands, now bent on peace-making. Roy comes back and succeeds in sending away the girls in the car by making them a gift of the champagne. Soon the wives reappear, wearing evening gowns and cloaks, apparently intent on carrying out the original plan to go dancing that night.

SUSAN: George Martin, I'm tired of the whole argument! You've been running around making an old fool of yourself and, what is worse, you haven't the courage to tell the truth when you're caught. Well, I'm going to try it, but I'll tell you the truth before I start!

GEORGE: Ah—so this is what you boys have done!

SUSAN: They haven't done anything. I'm going to. I've got a dancing sheik. I'm just crazy to dally with some drink, kick the bulbs from a chandelier and learn to do the splits on a café table!

Kitty and Henry make ready to leave. KITTY: And I'll show you, Roy, that when it comes to clients, I can find just as young and just as attractive ones as you ever took to the Ritz or anywhere else! Come, dear boy!

HENRY: Yes, Kit-kin!

ROY (as they exit): Kitty, you'll regret this!

SUSAN: Why should she? You've all three had the best years of our lives! You've shown plainly that you think we're back numbers. But we're going to show you to-night that we're not!

ETHEL: Exactly! Fair's fair. If Howard can have his flapper, I can have my cake-eater!

The two wives depart with their dancing sheiks, leaving George and Susan still arguing.

GEORGE: Susan, you'll stay here and listen to me—

SUSAN: Listen to you? I've listened to you for ten years. And now it's your turn! You've all three had the best years of our lives; now you've acquired a flush of second-childhood energy, and instead of giving us the benefit of it, you've made yourselves ridiculous by selling your senile efforts to a bunch of flappers who've bored themselves with your antics in exchange for a few motor rides and meal tickets!

ROY: Susan Martin—!

SUSAN: Oh, if you could only know how ridiculous you look! It's unbelievable that you could have taken such chances with our happiness. And—for what?

GEORGE: Susan!

SUSAN: Don't you speak to me! I'm going—and while I'm away, I wish to God you'd learn some Spanish. Caramba!

She leaves and the three husbands are left alone.

PAUL: Dinner is served, sir.

HOWARD: Well, at least we'll have their dinner.

ROY: By the way, Paul, what have we for dinner?

PAUL: Mrs. Martin ordered Spanish omelette, sir!

CURTAIN

RADIO

(Continued from page 37)

well-known brand of intimate entertainment, and the Colgate Hour belongs to the same class. WJZ, stooping from its cold aloofness, will thus make several hundred thousand new friends.

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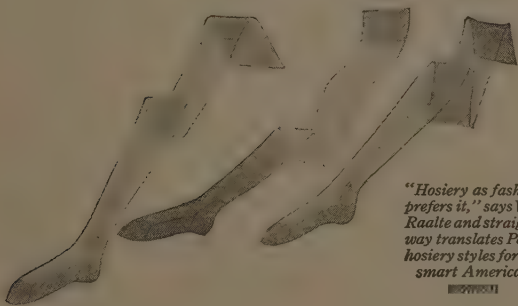
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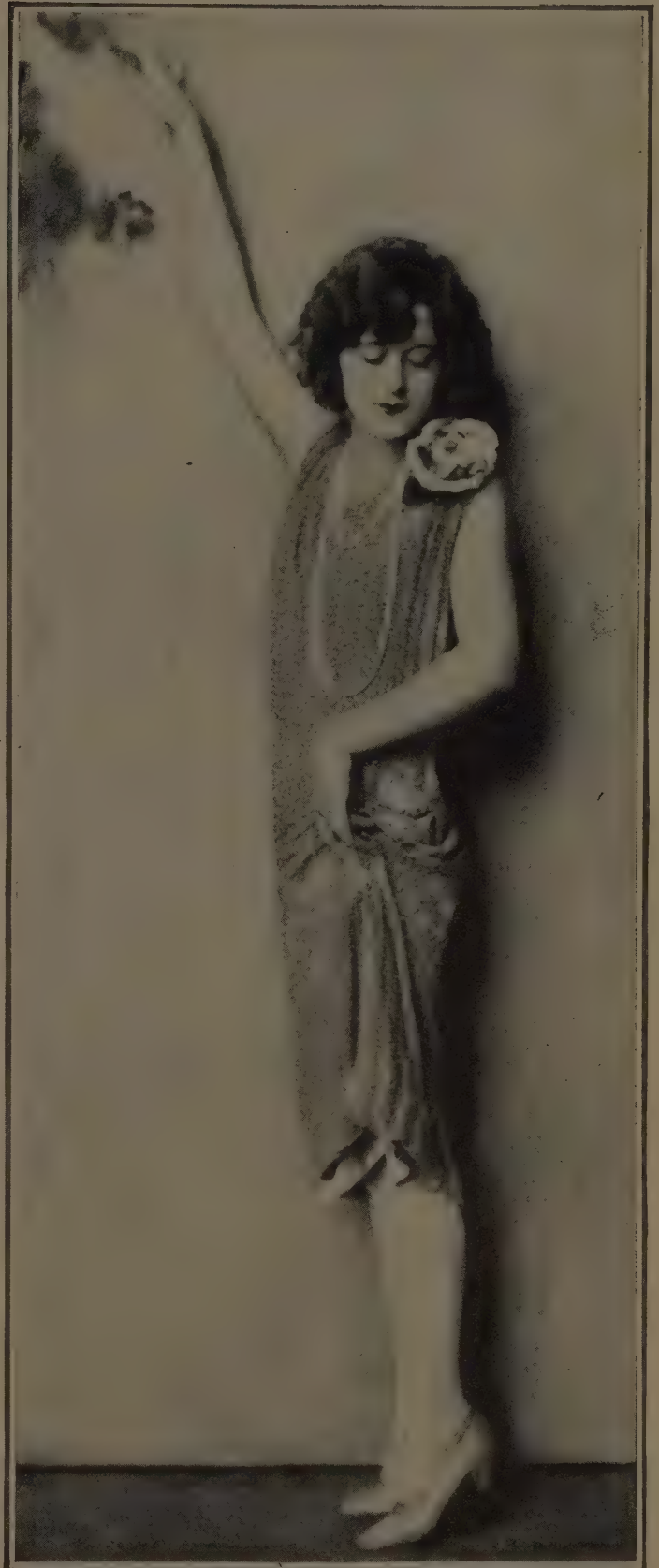


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WHO IS THE BEST AMERICAN ACTRESS?

(Continued from page 9)

been schooled to understand this, and they look for it. Without loading the phrases with any moral or comparative colouring, it may be said that Pauline Lord has managed in some sure way to relax her hand and get it down away from her breast. She has not relaxed merely to an abject realism; but she has for better or for worse abandoned "acting" and put at the disposal of the dramatist a different interpretive instrument. She seems like some redolent, alien weed growing in the garden of conventional acting, and it is probable that the name of this strange redolence is genius: at least it shall be called that here. But as has often been the case with that fierce variation, it seems to have attracted to her mostly misunderstanding, lack of appreciation and deterring irritation; to the things she has touched, however, it seems to have brought brilliant conspicuity and artistic or commercial success.

People being carried away on the torrent of a magnificent disturbance let loose along the dramatic valleys of *Samson and Delilah*, *Anna Christie* or *They Knew What They Wanted*, cast about wildly to account for the catastrophe, and clung almost blindly to the first conventional or theatrically obvious thing that came to hand. They overlooked or underestimated the unconventional, madly vibrant, and at the same time unexhibitionistic, thing that had welded the experience into powerful entity and plunged it onward. Occasionally one of the dramatic reporters sensed what was going on and fiddled with it in his column, and some of his readers were impelled thereby to go and look at her "act." Some of them came away puzzled and unbelieving. They had watched one woman for "fireworks"; they had neglected the play. They had gone to see some "fine acting": what they had seen was a medium-sized, blonde woman whose hair slopped a little on one side and who, considered apart from the play and the author's intended environment, appeared to be just a rather careless young woman speaking and gesturing. But there were those of the forewarned who were not deceived by the lack of conventional personality flashes. They left the theatre dazed with the realization that they actually had witnessed a character transcendently recreated by an actress who seemed to be entirely free from the thing that made Duse despise actors and Gordon Craig try to invent a theatre without them.

Samson and Delilah was both an artistic and commercial success. In answer to that scene in which Ben Ami appeared in mad, spectacular regalia and shot himself, the stricken audience, here and there, stood on its seats and cheered wildly. It cheered Ben Ami, the theatrical symbol it understood. Not until afterwards, when it had begun to understand Pauline

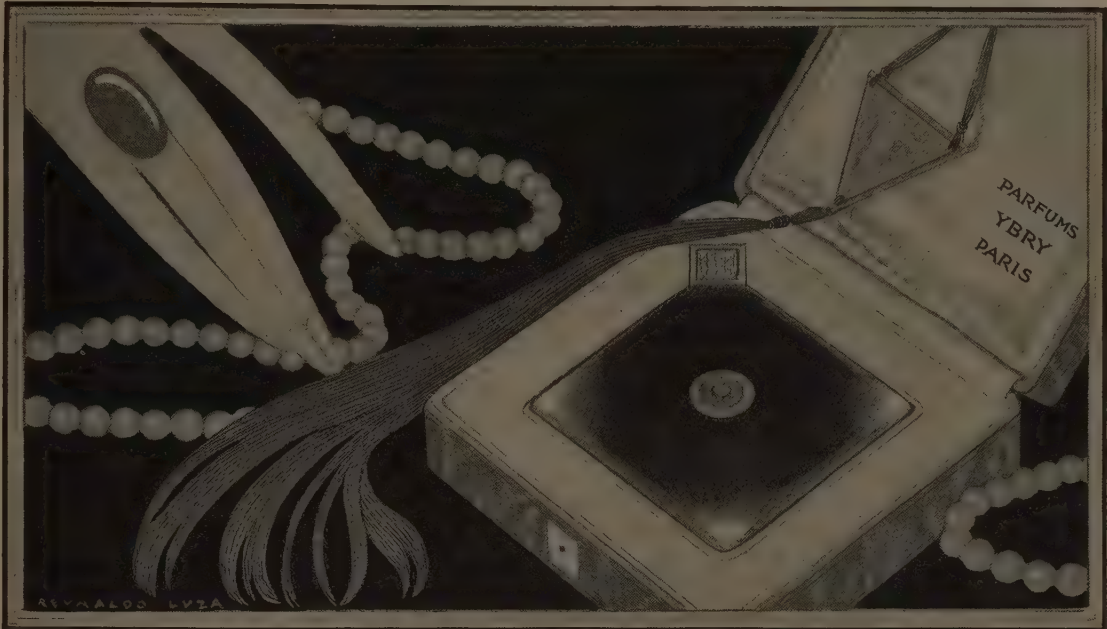
Lord, did part of it recognize that the wings upon which Ben Ami had soared into those wild, overpowering heights of dramatic instancy were those of the humble but horrible female thing throbbing and squirming inconspicuously down-stage against an imitation wall.

Ever since then the theatre and its audiences have been waiting in a sort of vain bewilderment for Ben Ami to betray even a trace of the conflagration with which they believed he had illuminated *Samson and Delilah*. Not long after that production Pauline Lord interpreted *Anna Christie*: the people and their dramatic guides, who seem incapable of distinguishing between actor, part and direction, indulged in uproar over "the greatest American play" along with the "genius of Eugene O'Neill," and the Pulitzer judges sealed the matter with a prize. It is conceivable that *Anna Christie* might have won the Pulitzer award without Pauline Lord, but it is probable that *They Knew What They Wanted* would not have received it without her. It may be that what the excited audiences, the dramatic journalists and the Pulitzer judges were really trying rather clumsily to engage and crystallize in the latter play was the ambient, trembling, unobtrusive fever that infected the production from the point in the first act, where Amy entered, to the point in the same act, where Richard Bennett, gory and broken, was carried in on a stretcher, together with a load of loudly applauded, easily recognizable theatrical conventions.

As a result of appearing in *Anna Christie*, the actress attained to at least one public distinction: she was emphatically badged with the type she had interpreted. Yet a person who had seen her for the first time in *Launzi* would be bewildered, no doubt, over this label emplaced by a population overready to dash easily along the path of least resistance to dubious standardization. *Launzi*, itself, was a weak, inept thing when it left Edna St. Vincent Millay's hands and it may have been when it left Molnar's; but one part of it, a part encumbered by a great, ridiculous pair of imitation angel's wings, spun out into an echo of sick, ethereal, biting beauty. It was a beauty that inspired the sensitively attuned to an exhilaration such as might bemuse a man who, for the first time, perceived through some instrument one of the multitude of colors that bejewel the solar spectrum beyond the eye's puny range of sensibility.

In London, where Miss Lord also appeared in *Anna Christie*, she engendered the practically unanimous judgment that in her was to be found the greatest living actress that this generation of Englishmen had seen. Perhaps to seek further would be to succumb to supererogation.

the very best of Paris



Femme de Paris

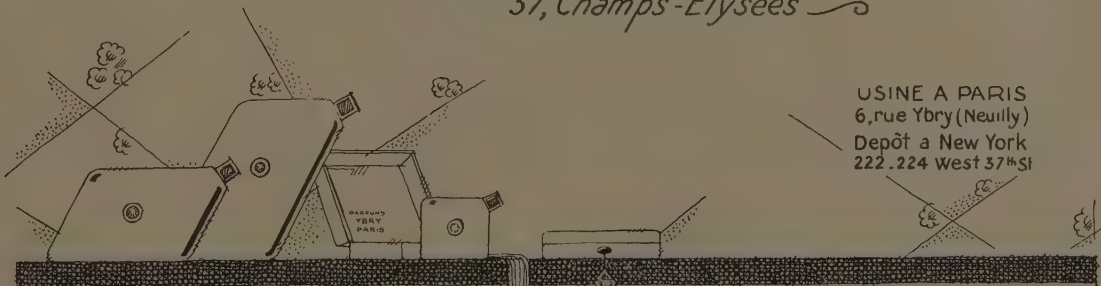


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THE PERFECT THEATRE

(Continued from page 10)

the greatest play ever written (in a contest conducted by the New York World) and Winchell Smith, author of *Turn and Do the Right Thing*, was awarded a life pension of four ducats a day. Farrar Bennett, in the same year, wrote *Clean Plays for Cleanly People*, which sold in book form over eighteen million copies, and the three plays in the volume were produced for over three years continuously, thereby almost equaling the record of the first of the "wholesome" (or as some call it, whole-cloth) plays, *The Wild Rose of the Patriarch Abraham*. A deluge of cleanly plays followed; it became almost unnecessary for the juries to meet, as the playwrights were no longer trying to do what was forbidden. By 1935 every play was clean, every theatre was sterilized and every playgoer was disinfected as he entered the theatre.

There followed one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the theatre anywhere. The ancient Greek moralist, Platon, who lived just before this time, had desired to destroy all dramatists on the ground that they taught people what was palpably false. His argument was proved worthy when the Perfect Theatre had functioned half a decade, although the government did not see it for five further years. The morality of Americans under the Perfect Theatre certainly rose to a new high level. Crimes of violence, sexual irregularity, spitting on the sidewalks and other moral offenses were more severely punished than ever, and as more arrests were made, more sentences passed, it was obvious that the moral tone was improved. But there began slowly to be perceptible a falling off in various other ways. The famous American ingenuity slackened

woefully; not a single invention was made in three years. Wit also gradually dropped out of daily life, and the maker of a real *bon mot* was considered a throw-back to earlier years. What was worse, manners coarsened, because people engaged in any pursuits not countenanced by the stage had no system of manners to go by and were ugly and vulgar. The boredom of the general public was incredible. National elections were held, but only a fraction of the public would take the trouble to vote; people even ceased to make much money, since, as they said, they hadn't an "indecent" show to spend it on. Slowly, but remorselessly, the tang went out of American life. It is said that the climate sympathetically softened.

It is doubtful whether the actual cause of the catastrophe would have been discovered were it not for an accident. In 1940 Los Angeles, the capital of the United States, was subjected to the attack of a pyromaniac, who burned down the ninety-three theatres then operating in that city. For three years no theatres were built; and in that time Los Angeles regained its reputation for liveliness, brightness and prosperity. Other cities, envious, hired masters of arson to repeat the Los Angeles prescription. It worked. At the end of the decade of the Perfect Theatre, when all of America, except these few cities, was in a stupor of dullness, the government ordered all the theatres closed. Instantly things grew better. After another decade Americans had again become so wise and witty that they proposed to restore the old theatre. What followed is known as the Restoration. The first play of the Restoration was called *The Good Bad Woman* and it ran for sixty years.



HAS THIS BEEN EXPLAINED TO YOU?

(Continued from page 20)

he defined as a "cheerful youthfulness that expressed itself in song and motion." It's a hard thing to define—as hard as the proverbial "stage presence"—but he came pretty close to expressing it.

Of course, the decrease of the minstrel show has had something to do with the scarcity of black-face artists. Ten or fifteen years ago, when minstrelsy was still flourishing, they were plentiful indeed—as inseparable a part of the musical show as the dancing act is to-day. So many graduated into vaudeville that the price of black-face acts went far below par—and that thinned out the ranks again.

There is still another reason—for slightly sociological import—for the scarcity of black-face comedy. It is just that the Negro, as a race, has ceased to be funny. Negro impersona-

tions were formerly based on the image of the old, care-free, irresponsible dorky. That type of Negro has gradually passed out of the picture and been supplanted by a generation of self-reliant, independent colored folk.

The few of us who make black-face our specialty have—consciously or unconsciously—heeded this social development. We have created a slightly anomalous creature—stamped with our individual mannerisms and humorous eccentricities—whom we choose to depict in the traditional black-face make-up. We are not really Negro imitators. We are "black-face comedians," which is a bird of the same color but an entirely different species. To strike the right balance between the two is not an easy task—and that may be the final reason why we remain in a small minority.

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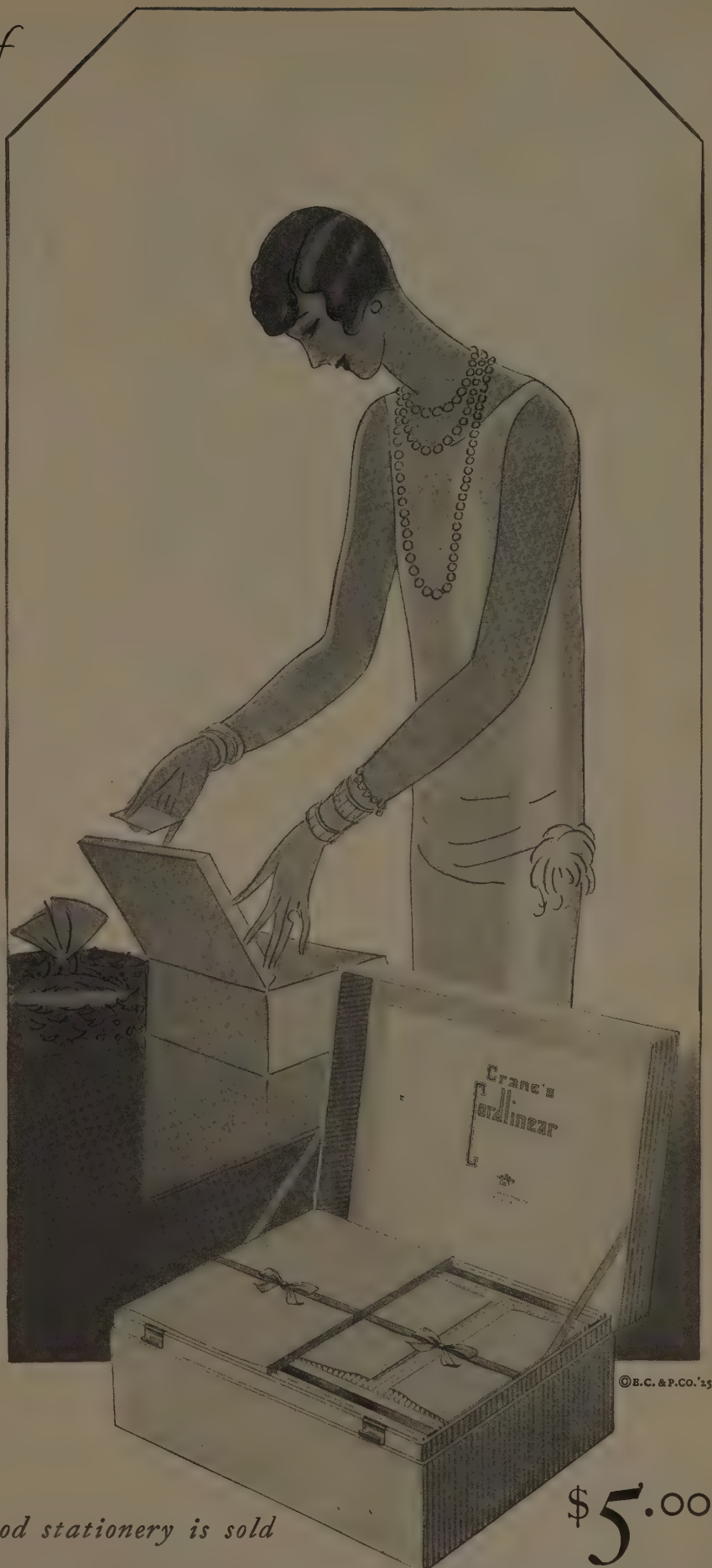
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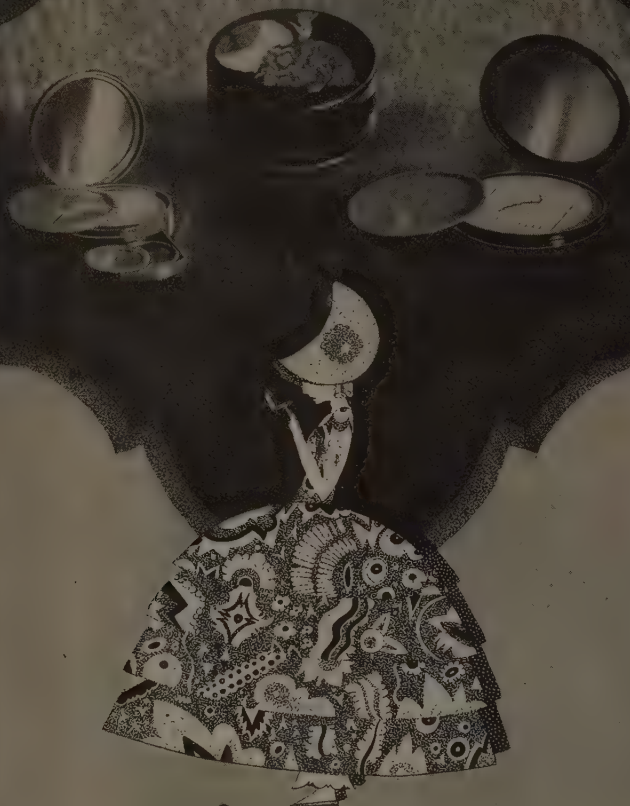
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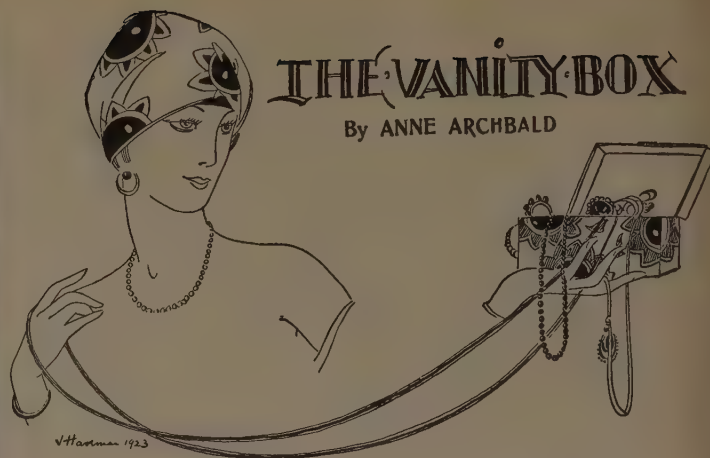
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THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



WE have had several interesting "returns" to the stage, this season, of actresses married several years ago into private life. None more interesting, however, than that of Antoinette Perry, whom we saw recently in a play called *Caught*. It is doubtful whether the latter will be running when this appears, and if not it will be somewhat in the nature of a tragedy. But never mind if so, for Antoinette Perry will be playing somewhere else, and when you see her you will find her, we know, just as stunning as we did. In the phrase with which our small cousin invariably delivers himself of all favorable dramatic criticism, "Believe me, she's *some* actress!"

Miss Perry is also one of the small and fast-disappearing (so we are told) race of natural blondes. Her hair waves of itself and can be put up in the shake of a lamb's tail in a big puff on the top of her head, and we are here to bear witness that we saw it done. . .

"Yet," wailed Miss Perry when we talked to her in her dressing-room, "what good does it do me! Everyone—and they even consider it news and talk about it in the daily papers—thinks it's a transformation."

"It does you this good," we replied, "that it saves you time and trouble and wear and tear on the nervous system. It maintains you calm and poised under close inspection, since you know your crowning beauty can never be caught off-guard in an idle moment."

And Miss Perry, on thinking that over, decided to bear up and be more cheerful over her blessing. . .

But we're really not in the market this month to tell you about Miss Perry's hair, delightful though it is, but about the adorable little box containing a mascara outfit, which we saw on her dressing-table.

The box itself caught our eye in the first place. It was of tin, but so sweetly gilt-lacquered and stamped with a design of tiny elephants as completely to transform its humble material. Inside was the stick of mascara, a baby's brush with which to apply it, an eye pencil for shading the lids, and something quite new, a bit of white waferlike celluloid, the shape of a half-moon, to place on the lower eyelid and prevent the mascara from spreading on the cheek while applying. Altogether in compactness and charm and utility it was a unique little object, this mascara outfit. We asked Miss Perry to tell us the price and where it could be had, and since it was a mere *rien*, we at once mentally planned a half-dozen as small gifts for our lady friends' Christmas stockings.

Miss Perry showed us something else she was very fond of, a "companion piece" to the gilt mascara box, and put out by the same firm. It was another gold-lacquered tin box, this time the gold picked out with blue . . . a larger box, of course, as those things go, but still smaller and more compact than the average and comprising what was called a "nail-glossing" outfit. Though that name seems to us rather misleading, as the box contained everything for a complete manicure . . . nail file, orange-wood stick, emeries, nail enamel and polish and a series of three small tubes of cream for bleaching and taking care of the cuticle, as this firm does not believe in soaking the nails, but in creaming them into shape. Sounds reasonable, doesn't it? Anyway, the outfit was most intriguing (also nice for a small Xmas gift), and Miss Perry said it gave a wonderful manicure, very quickly, and was so handy to carry about.

After the matinée we were driven home in Miss Perry's car, whose door carried the smartest and most unusual monogram in silver. You buy them and put them on yourself, it seems, a little tool outfit for application going with the purchase price, which is awfully reasonable.

For the prices of the new "mascara" and "manicuring" gilt-lacquered tin boxes, and where they may be purchased, as well as information on the silver monograms for motors, write *The Vanity Box*, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



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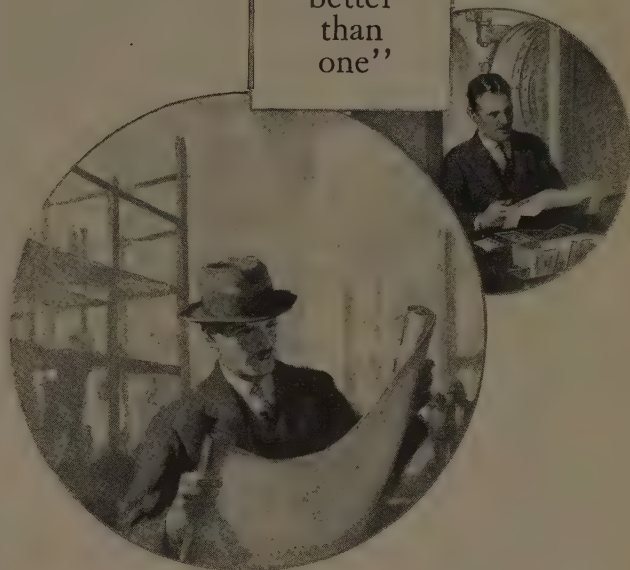
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New Plays of the Month

A Holy Terror. Comedy in three acts by Winchell Smith and George Abbott. Produced by John Golden at the Cohan Theatre, Sept. 28, with this cast:

Dirk Vancey.....	George Abbott
Uncle Tod Vancey.....	George Thompson
Anse Vancey.....	Dan Moyles
Jim Massie.....	Ed Savold
Dan Massie.....	Henry Schaefer
Norm Massie.....	D. J. Carew
Lem Chapman.....	Frederic Malcolm
Becky Chapman.....	Leila Bennett
Lind Grover.....	George J. Williams
Boyd Chapman.....	G. Albert Smith
Sid Chapman.....	Frank Verigun
Sam Chapman.....	Ralph Hackett
Carlos Hatfield.....	Arthur Miles
Zeb Chapman.....	Edward T. Holland
Bill Chapman.....	Charles Wagenheim
Don Hagan.....	John F. Morrissey
Jake Hagan.....	William Pawley
Tremper.....	Millard Mitchell
Rus Logan.....	Richard Carlyle
Mayor Goodlow.....	Bennet Musson
Col. Willoughby Wall.....	Frank Monroe
Capt. Carter.....	Geo. Wright, Jr.
Sergeant Brown.....	Harry M. Cooke
A Corporal.....	Ben Meigs
Schwartz.....	George Spelvin
Ellen Goodlow.....	Leona Hogarth
Judy Kirkpatrick.....	Elizabeth Allen
Mrs. Tesman.....	Emerin Campbell

Accused. Play in three acts by Eugene Brieux. Adapted by George Middleton. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, Sept. 29, with this cast:

Edmond de Verron.....	E. H. Sothern
Mme. de Verron.....	Mabel Bert
Judge de Verron.....	Henry Herbert
M. Du Coudrais.....	Lester Lonergan
M. Lemercier.....	Moffat Johnston
Louise.....	Ann Davis
Pauline.....	Octavia Kenmore
Armand.....	Leigh Lovel
Gourville.....	France Bendtsen
The Mayor of Nancré.....	Roy Cochrane
A Servant.....	Harold Seton

American Born. Comedy in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by George M. Cohan at the Hudson Theatre, Oct. 5, with this cast:

Delford.....	Arnold Lucy
Graham.....	Lawrence D'Orcay
Foster.....	Daisy Belmore
Lady Bertram.....	Aline McDermott
Lydia Bertram.....	Claire Mersereau
Stephen Clarke.....	Bobby Watson
Joseph Gilson.....	George M. Cohan
Welles.....	Allan Ramsay
Jeffries.....	John M. Troughton
Sir Arthur Pethering.....	H. Cooper Cliffe
Joycelyn Pethering.....	Joan Maclean
Annie.....	Lorna Lawrence
Andrews.....	Charles Cardon
Forrest Blythe.....	Harry McNaughton
Julius Snellinburg.....	Ralph Locke
F. B. Maxwell.....	Leonard Booker
George Maxwell.....	Hamilton Cummings

Appearances. Play in three acts by Garland Anderson. Produced by L. W. Sager at the Frolic Theatre, Oct. 14, with this cast:

Frank Thompson.....	Edward Keane
Carl.....	Lionel Monagas
Mrs. Thompson.....	Daisy Atherton
Fred Kellard.....	Robert Toms
Elsie Benton.....	Mildred Wall
Louise Thornton.....	Hazelle Burgess
Judge Thornton.....	Frank Hatch
Rufus.....	Doe Doe Green
Ella.....	Evelyn Mason
Jack Wilson.....	Joseph Sweeney
Police Officer.....	Clifton Self
Judge Robinson.....	Louis Frohoff
Clerk of Court.....	Wm. Davidge
Court Stenographer.....	Leata Miller
Gerald Saunders.....	Edwin Hodge
Hiram Matthews.....	James Cherry
A. A. Andrews.....	Wilton Lackaye, Jr.

Apple Sauce. Comedy in three acts by Barry Connors. Produced by Richard Herndon at the Ambassador Theatre, Sept. 28, with this cast:

Ma Robinson.....	Jessie Crommette
Paw Robinson.....	William Holden
Mrs. Jennie Baldwin.....	Clara Blandick
Hazel Robinson.....	Gladys Lloyd
Matt McAllister.....	Albert Andrus
Bill McAllister.....	Allan Dinehart
Rollo Jenkins.....	Walter Connolly

Caught. Play in three acts by Kate McLaurin. Produced by Gustav Blum at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, Oct. 5, with this cast:

Mrs. O'Mara.....	Lilian Booth
David Turner.....	Fairfax Burgher
Betty Martin.....	Gladys Hurlburt

Alix Carrol.....	Eve Casanova
Pendleton Brown.....	Lester Vail
Judy Ross.....	Antoinette Perry
Robert Coleman.....	Robert Harrison
Carrie Morgan.....	Lilian Booth
Johnson.....	Edwin E. Vickery
Roddy Coleman.....	Boyd Clarke
Officer.....	Edwin E. Vickery

Craig's Wife. Drama in three acts by George Kelly. Produced by Rosalie Stewart at the Morosco Theatre, Oct. 12, with this cast:

Miss Austen.....	Anne Sutherland
Mrs. Harold.....	Josephine Williams
Mazie.....	Mary Gildea
Mrs. Craig.....	Chrystal Herne
Ethel Landreth.....	Eleanor Mish
Walter Craig.....	Charles Trowbridge
Mrs. Frazier.....	Josephine Hull
Billy Birkmire.....	Arling Alcine
Joseph Catelle.....	Arthur Shaw
Harry.....	J. A. Curtis
Eugene Fredericks.....	Nelan Jaap

Edgar Allan Poe. Drama in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, Oct. 5, with the following cast:

Mrs. John Allan.....	Alice Knowland
Elmira Royster.....	Joyce Booth
Mrs. Clem.....	Jennie A. Eustace
Virginia Clem.....	Lila Lee
Washington.....	James H. O'Brien
John Allan.....	Charles Chivers
Mr. Royster.....	William H. Barwald
Edgar Allan Poe.....	James Kirkwood
The Editor.....	Henry W. Pemberton
Rufus Griswold.....	Paul Huber
Decatur.....	Peter Griffin
Helen Whitman.....	Ethel Intropodi
Frances Osgood.....	Viola Leach
John P. Kennedy.....	Charles Clarke
H. B. Latrobe.....	William H. Barwald
Dr. James H. Miller.....	George Saunders
Mr. Gwynne.....	Laurence Tulloch
William Cullen Bryant.....	Thomas Gunn
N. P. Willis.....	Henry Oldridge

Hamlet. Drama in three acts by William Shakespeare. Produced by Walter Hampden at Hampden's Theatre, Oct. 10, with this cast:

Francisco.....	Marcel Dill
Bernardo.....	Reynolds Evans
Marcellus.....	Philip Wood
Horatio.....	William Sauter
Ghost.....	Max Monitor
Claudius, King of Denmark.....	Kenneth Hunter
Gertrude.....	Mary Hall
Voltemand.....	J. Plumptre Wilson
Laertes.....	Ernest Rowan
Polonius.....	Albert Bruning
Hamlet.....	Walter Hampden
Ophelia.....	Ethel Barrymore
Reynaldo.....	S. Thomas Gomez
Rosencrantz.....	Thomas F. Tracey
Guilendestern.....	Gordon Hart
Player King.....	Reynolds Evans
Player Queen.....	Mabel Moore
Prologue.....	Edith Barrett
Lucianus.....	P. J. Kelly
Fortinbras.....	Hart Jenks
A Captain.....	Louis Polan
A Sailor.....	S. Thomas Gomez
First Gravedigger.....	Cecil Yapp
Second Gravedigger.....	P. J. Kelly
A Priest.....	Thomas F. Tracey
Osric.....	Le Roi Operti
English Ambassador.....	J. Plumptre Wilson

Hay Fever. Comedy farce in three acts by Noel Coward. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, Oct. 5, with this cast:

Sorel Bliss.....	Frieda Inescourt
Simon Bliss.....	Gavin Muir
Clara.....	Alice Belmore Cliffe
Judith Bliss.....	Laura Hope Crews
David Bliss.....	Harry Davenport
Sandy Tyrell.....	Reginald Sheffield
Myra Arundel.....	Phyllis Joyce
Richard Greatham.....	George Thorpe
Jackie Coryton.....	Margot Lester

Holka Polka. Operetta in three acts. Music by Will Ortmann, lyrics by Gus Kahn and Raymond B. Eagan. Produced by Carl Reed at the Lyric Theatre, Oct. 14, with this cast:

Auctioneer.....	Harry Anderson
Adam Cook.....	James C. Morton
Marie Karin.....	Frances H. Cherry
Peter Novak, known as "Nobody".....	Orville Harrold
Gundel, Adam's housekeeper.....	May Vokes
Peterle Novak.....	Pat Harrold
Ellen Novak.....	Esther Lyon
Max Munz.....	Harry Holbrook
Karel Boleslav.....	Robert Halliday
Baron von Bruck.....	George E. Mack
Coachman.....	Charles Thompson
Rudi Munz.....	Thomas Burke, Jr.
Jan, butler at Max Munz's.....	Vincent Lagan
Henri Novoth.....	John Sherlock
Specialty Dancers.....	Marion and Martinez Randal

(Continued on page 68)

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Department T-8



THE GREEN DERBY

(Continued from page 22)

out and buy for me a pair of brown eyeglasses?

PROPRIETOR: Brown eyeglasses? These English are so strange.

IRIS: Yes, yes. Only go. Go quickly. (Exit Proprietor C. Iris sighs and walks to window and looks out. Enter Maid C.)

MAID: Mr. Napier Harpenden to see you, ma'am.

IRIS (turning with a happy cry): Napier! (Exit Maid. Enter Napier C., wearing a green derby.)

NAPIER: Iris, I came straight over to tell you I have married Venice—and she is an angel.

IRIS (covering her eyes with her hand): Please go, Napier. It's too late for me now, sweet. Oh, why didn't you love me enough when we were children? (Napier takes her other hand and draws her to the couch. They both sit—Iris still trying to keep her eyes covered.)

NAPIER: This love business—it changes—and yet it doesn't change. Why do you keep your eyes closed, Iris? You do something very strange to me, very unholy.

IRIS: Because, dear, I won't be able to think with them open—and, Napier—I want you to be worthy of Venice's children.

NAPIER (takes Iris' other hand away from her eyes so that she must look at him): Oh, yes! These Venetian children. I've thought of you—thought of you—thought of you. I've heard your voice whispering dreams of better things. IRIS (trying to control herself): Napier—take off your hat.

NAPIER: You are a tower of delight in the twilight of the world.

IRIS (still struggling—faintly): Take off your hat.

NAPIER: Your soft white body beats against my mind like a whip.

IRIS (in a choking voice): Take it off or I'll knock it off!

NAPIER (rises): What is it, Iris? What do you want?

IRIS (throwing herself upon him): What do I want? You, Napier! (Enter Venice—calling.)

VENICE: Darling, darling, darling! (She sees Iris and Napier. She runs to them, takes off the green derby and

throws it on the floor): God, I hope I've done the right thing!

IRIS: Venice, pretty Venice—how did you know?

VENICE: I met Mr. Arlen in the street and he told me, because I'm a married woman. Oh, it was a beastly thing he did.

NAPIER: I'll make him apologize. (Enter Hilary and Sir Maurice, pulling Arlen along. They fling him into the room and then bar his way to the door.)

HILARY: We got him before he could get away in his yellow Hispano-Suiza.

ARLEN: Now what does all this mean?

NAPIER: It means, sir, that if you weren't my author, I would call you a cad.

ARLEN: These charming people. (Petulantly): What is it that you all want anyhow?

ALL THE OTHER CHARACTERS STRETCHING OUT THEIR ARMS TO HIM: Purity.

ARLEN: Purity—You don't know what the word means. I wrote the play myself, and even I don't know. Well, I must really be going.

IRIS: Oh, please, Mr. Arlen, lift the curse from me.

VENICE: Please, please, please!

ARLEN: No.

MAURICE: And I say yes. I am gambling for the future of all Englishmen.

ARLEN: Well, what can you do? (Maurice looks around—sees the derby and places it on Arlen's head.)

MAURICE: On your own head be it. (Iris stares at Arlen and starts for him.)

IRIS: Oh! for the love of Mike. (Arlen backs away and runs to the window.)

ARLEN: No—no. Not that—not to the author. I'll get rid of the hat. (He flings the hat out of the window. It is flung in again. He flings it out—it comes back, etc.) That green hat goes out. (A man's head appears in the window from outside—smoking a huge cigar.)

THE MAN: Sweetheart, that green hat stays in.

ALL: Who are you?

THE MAN: A. H. Woods. (All bow very low.)

CURTAIN



An Appreciative Reader

October 14, 1925.

To the Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE:

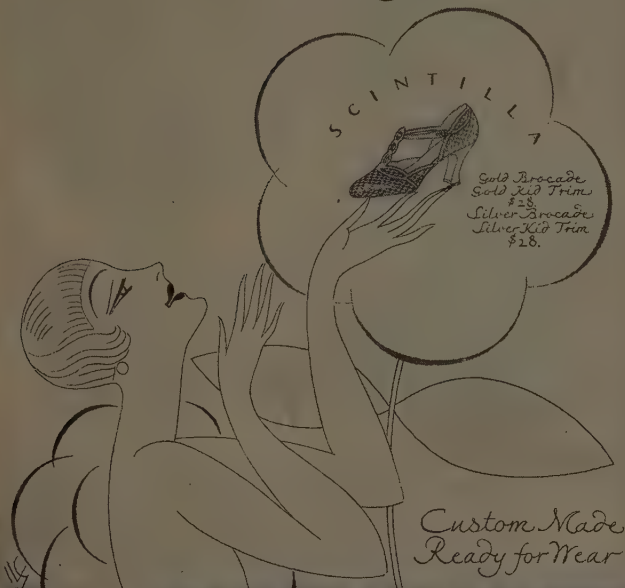
I have been a regular reader of THEATRE MAGAZINE for about fifteen years. I am fond of the theatre and go to see a performance once or twice a week. I have found the columns in your magazine a most reliable and trustworthy guide. I have usually followed Mr. Hornblow's recommendations and I have yet to regret a wasted evening or the price of a seat. One finds so much confusion of thought in the daily papers, one writer declaring a show good and another roasting it, that the public is glad to turn to a publication like yours, where sanity reigns in the editorial department.

I also want to congratulate you on your superb pictures, which have grown better and better all these years, showing remarkable richness and variety, nor can I fail to say a word for your editorials with their strong, independent tone. I think the American theatre is to be congratulated on having so worthy a journalistic representative of its art.

Yours truly,

CHARLES A. PEABODY.

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LA POUPÉE CHIFFON

DOES the feminine heart ever really outgrow its fondness for dolls? We believe not. And recent experience would seem to bear us out, that though we do not give to these small simulacra so vital an importance as when young, yet they have an appeal to something inside us no matter what our age. How else account for the positive craze for dolls for grown-ups that was started several years ago and is still going as strong as ever. Its latest manifestation is in the doll that one can make oneself, pictures of which are shown on this page, and which is called "la poupée chiffon."



These dolls are the creation of a French woman, Mme. E. de M. Brunnbach, who originated them during the war, when she was asked for donations for the French wounded, and who, having been a lover of dolls all her life, decided she would try her hand at making something new. So successful was she, that she was soon making them at the rate of a half dozen every day, and many smart shops began to take all she could supply.

For those who like their "corn already shelled" these dolls may be bought ready made, beautifully gowned in silk and with real hair wigs, in sizes ranging from two to three and a half feet. Especially enchanting is "the little French Marquis" (School of Gloria Swanson). But should you care to manufacture your own fairy prince, you can do so, if you have the slightest talent for sewing or modeling, or even, we are assured, if you are somewhat of a "dumb Dora" in this respect.



Madame, their creator, will send you complete instructions by correspondence on just how to do so, how to shape the head, which is made of an indestructible material so that it can be banged around, how to paint the face, and so on. You can make them for your own pleasure or that of your friends, or as a source of profit.

From Paris, likewise, come the tiny dolls that are to be used as book markers. Their svelte black moire ribbon bodies snuggled between the pages of your book, with pert head and feet peering forth at either end, adds chic to any literature. Women are giving them in lieu of Christmas cards, even to their men friends. Only sell for Two Dollars.



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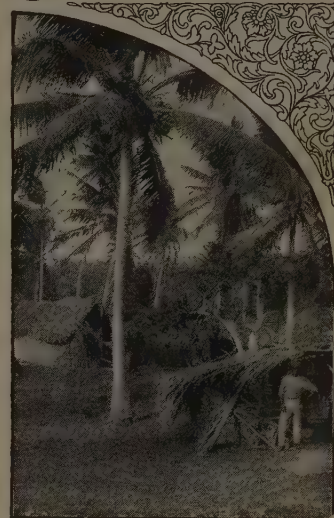
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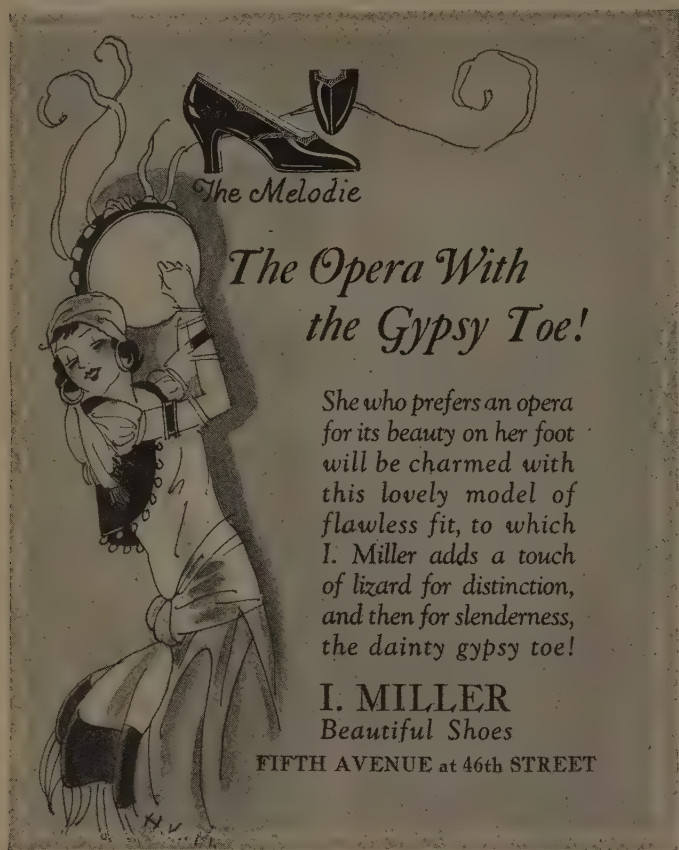
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NEW PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 62)

Jane, Our Stranger. Play in three acts by Mary Borden. Produced by Herman Gantvoort at the Cort Theatre, Oct. 8, with this cast:

The Marquise de Joigny
Mrs. Thomas Whinen
Pierre.....Joseph Greene
The Duchess of Lorraine.....Katherine Stewart
Blaise de Joigny.....Carlin Crandall
Philibert, Marquis de Joigny.....Clarke Silvernail
Bianca, Princess D'Arvignon.....Kay Strozzi
Mrs. Silas Carpenter.....Camilla Crume
Jane Carpenter.....Selena Royle
Marcel.....Anthony Ascher
Courtton.....Thomas Williams
Butler.....Jes Sidney
Susanne.....Jacqueline du Rodier
Jacques.....Joseph Errico
Hotel Manager.....Orrin Shear
Hotel Porter.....William Griffith

Lovely Lady. Play in three acts by Jesse Lynch Williams. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Belmont Theatre, Oct. 14, with this cast:

Stanley Linton.....William Hanley
Mrs. Linton.....Lilly Cahill
Mr. Linton.....Bruce McRae
Stephanie Whitridge.....Miriam Hopkins
Mrs. Julia Deshields.....Elizabeth Risdon
Lucille.....Elizabeth Barrett
Peter.....Charles Newsom

Merry, Merry. Musical play in two acts. Book by Harlan Thompson. Music by Harry Archer. Produced by Lyle D. Andrews at the Vanderbilt Theatre, Sept. 24, with this cast:

Adam Winslow.....Harry Puck
Eve.....Walters
A Subway Passenger.....George Spelvin
Sadi LaSalle.....Sascha Beaumont
Flossie Dell.....Virginia Smith
Conchita Murphy.....Lucila Mendez
J. Horatio Diggs.....William Frawley
Stephen Brewster.....John Hundley
Henry W. Penwell.....Robert G. Courtney
Mrs. Penwell.....Perqueta
The Stage Manager.....Larry Beck
Polly Schaefer.....Polly Schaefer
Ruth Conley.....Ruth Conley
Molly Morey.....Molly Morey
Vivian Marlowe.....Vivian Marlowe
Gay Nelle.....Gay Nelle
Ednor Fulling.....Ednor Fulling
Frances Marchand.....Frances Marchand
Gretchen Grant.....Gretchen Grant
Ethel Emery.....Ethel Emery
Ruth Farrar.....Ruth Farrar

Polly. Operetta in three acts by John Gay. Produced by the Cherry Lane Players at the Cherry Lane Playhouse, Oct. 10, with this cast:

Mr. Ducat.....Edmund Forde
Morano.....William S. Rainey
Vanderbluff.....Richard Abbott
Capstern.....Orde Creighton
Hacker.....Michael Kibbel
Culverm.....William Burke
Laguerre.....Oscar Amundsen
Pohtohce.....David D'Arcy
Cawwawkee.....Charles Trout
First Footman.....William Broderick
Second Footman.....Marion Cowen
Polly.....Dorothy Brown
Mr. Ducat.....Maude Marian
Diana Trapes.....Jeanne Owen
Jenny Diver.....Geneva Harrison
Flinzy.....Eunice Osborne
Damaris.....Kathryn Mulholland
Betty Doxy.....Zoe Barry
Mrs. Slammekin.....Grace Seales
Molly Brazen.....Margot Andre
Suky Tawdry.....Helen White

Stolen Fruit. Drama in three acts by Dario Nicodem. Produced by Henry W. Savage and A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre, Oct. 7, with this cast:

Marie Millais.....Ann Harding
Mlle. Foulard.....Virginia Farmer
Bailly.....Harry Bedford
The Principal.....Helen Strickland
Count Philippe de Verdopis.....Rollo Peters
Pierre.....Lawrence Eddinger
Guidau.....John R. Hamilton
Jacques Manovard.....Felix Krembs
Annette.....Vera Dunn
School Children—Dorothy McCann, Dot Wills, Frances Anderson, Dallas Babcock, Marian Kalgreen, Constance Lusby, Vera Lehmann

Sunny. Musical comedy in two acts. Music by Jerome Kern. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Sept. 22, with this cast:

Mlle. Sadie.....Helene Gardner
Bally Hood.....Charles Angelo
Tom Warren.....Paul Frawley
Siegfried Peters.....Joseph Cawthorn
Wendell-Wendell.....Clifton Webb

Sue Warren.....Esther Howard
Sam.....Cliff Edwards
"Sunny" Peters.....Marilyn Miller
Jim Deming.....Jack Donahue
"Weenie" Winters.....Mary Hay
Marcia Manners.....Dorothy Francis
Magnolia.....Pert Kelton
First Mate.....Louis Harrison
First Ship's Officer.....Elmer Brown
Second Ship's Officer.....Allyn Barnhart
Ship's Captain.....James Wilson
Diana Miles.....Jeanne Fonda
Millicent Smythe.....Joan Clement
Groom.....Don Rowen

The Bridge of Distances. Play in six episodes by John and Ella Scrymgeour. Produced by the International Playhouse at the Morosco Theatre, Sept. 28, with this cast:

Kwang-Mei.....Polly Craig
Lady Susan Herrvyot.....Mary Newcomb
Earl Herrvyot.....Alfred Woods
Lady Herrvyot.....Barbara Allen
An Hotel Boy.....William Janney
Li Weng Lok.....Ulrich Haupt
Yee Kee.....Walter Howe
The Princess Li Sang.....Katherine Grey
Tang Ku.....Paul Wilson
Mee Song.....Polly Craig
Cheong Wo.....Walter Howe
A Messenger.....Harold Winston
The Princess Tzu-Tsan.....Mary Newcomb
Prince Li Weng Lok.....Ulrich Haupt
Captain Aylmer Herrvyot.....Ray Collins
Lieutenant Rodney Mainwaring.....Wheeler Dryden
Fy Yin Shut.....Stephen Wright

The Buccaneer. Play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, Oct. 2, with this cast:

Carmencita.....Jeanne Greene
Maria.....Beatrice Maude
Capt. Manuel Montalvo.....Brandon Peters
Basilio Fernandez.....William R. Gregory
Don Jacinto De Esmeraldo.....J. Colvin Dunn
Dona Lisa (Lady Elizabeth Neville).....Estelle Winwood
George Castle.....Galway Herbert
Dave.....Harry Kendall
Capt. Henry Morgan.....William Farnum
An Ensign.....Frank Hearn
Commodore Wright.....Leslie Palmer
Charles II.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
A Councillor.....Harry Kendall
A Herald.....Lionel Percival
James Townshend.....Cecil Clovelly
Eliphalet Skipwith, Esq.....Edmund Waller
Henry Marmion.....Claude Allister
Lady Pierson.....Gene Carvel
Lady Francis.....Ethel Fisher
Mrs. Westley.....Irena Freeman

The Call of Life. Play in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced by the Actors' Theatre, Oct. 9, at the Comedy Theatre with this cast:

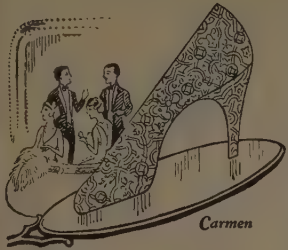
Moser.....Egon Brecher
Marie.....Eva Le Gallienne
Edward Rainer.....Douglas R. Dumbrille
Doctor Schindler.....Thomas Chalmers
Mrs. Toni Richter.....Alice John
Catherine.....Katherine Alexander
Mick.....Derek Glynn
Sebastian.....Leet Stone
The Colonel.....Hermann Lieb
Albert.....Stanley Kalkhurst
Irene.....Rosalind Fuller

The Crooked Friday. Play in three acts by Monckton Hoffe. Produced by the Shuberts at the Bijou Theatre, Oct. 8, with this cast:

Alexander Tristan.....John R. Turnbull
Micky.....Master William Quinn
Bagley.....Wallace Wood
Michael Tristan.....Dennis Neilson-Terry
Howard Lampeter.....Walter Walker
Charles Lampeter.....Donald Foster
Roger Petermore.....Richard Gordon
Felix.....Elisha Cooke, Jr.
Inspector.....Joseph Burton
Detective Jameson.....Harry Nelson
Detective Ferguson.....Joseph Singer
A Servant.....Walter Flint
Friday.....Mary Glynn

The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. Play in three acts by Alfred Savoir. Produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Lyceum Theatre, Oct. 12, with this cast:

Affert.....Basil Rathbone
Matard.....Elmer Brown
The Grand Duchess Xenia.....Elsie Ferguson
The Grand Duke Paul.....Paul McAllister
Countess Avaloff.....Alison Skipworth
The Grand Duke Peter.....Frederick Worlock
Cioche.....Lawrence Cecil
Monsieur Hess.....Ernest Stallard
Henriette.....Olga Lee
Baron Nikolaieff.....E. M. Hast
Prince Barovski.....Lawrence Cecil
Baroness Nikolaievna.....Olga Tristany
A Man.....Converse Tyler
A Lady.....Geraldine Bewith
Another Lady.....Norma Havery
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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 44)

was—strangely enough—achieved by Mrs. Candour. This part in the conventional order of things is usually assigned to the "old woman" of the company (many of us recall Mrs. Gilbert's performance with Daly's company), but the Mrs. Candour of this production fell to a Miss Florence Edney, a very personable young woman. A more deft and better poised performances of high comedy is rarely offered in this city. The lines were spoken with the subtlest appreciation of their satire and humor, and the actress' technical skill was delightful. There is no doubt that Miss Edney, whoever she may be, will be heard from in the future. A similar surprise, on the part of the male contingent, was afforded by the dashing, clean-cut and adroit performance of a Mr. Wilfred Seagram as Charles Surface, whose rendering of that part compares favorably with the best.

I CONFESS a weakness for the historical play. No matter how heavy the dramatist's hand, I enjoy seeing in the flesh the histrionic simulacrum of famous personages who have left their mark—good or bad—on world records. The latest addition to the historic gallery, *Edgar Allan Poe*, a drama in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, presented at the Liberty Theatre, was not a very important portrait of that unhappy genius. The most that can be said for the production is that it had promising moments and that James Kirkwood's make-up and personal resemblance to the poet striking enough to satisfy the most ardent Poe enthusiast.

The play covers adequately enough the known facts in Poe's life, but it is written in a somewhat stilted, grandiloquent style, Poe being made a good deal of a poseur and braggart, speaking, gesturing and spouting poetry in a manner quite foreign to the nature of that melancholy genius or of any other poet before or since.

James Kirkwood, reckless, devil-may-care, acquitted himself well of a difficult task. Hot-headed and turbulent, suggesting well the Poe spirit, in the scenes with his lost Lenore he was tender, gay, lovable. His diction at all times was excellent. Not so much can be said of Miss Lila Lee's Virginia. This young artist has apparently not yet learned that to win an audience the people out front must hear what the actress says. Miss Lee was inaudible through at least half the play. She swallowed most of her lines and those that did get over had little in spiritual tone or quality to suggest the "beautiful Annabel Lee." How different the distinct, cultured tones of Miss Jennie Eustace, who played Mrs. Allan! This actress, trained in an older and more exacting school, learned long ago that to speak clearly is the player's best asset.

THE outstanding value of *A Man's Man*, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, is its sincerity, both in the writing and the acting of the play. If an author finds his material in the lower strata of life, one may not quarrel with him. For to what extent the mere element of cheer-giving should enter into his contribution is a debatable point. There will be many who will be repelled rather than attracted by the sordid life that is so photographically reproduced in this play. That those who remain to the end will be considerably harrowed, there can be no possible doubt.

If we have any quarrel at all, it is with the overzealous reproduction of atmosphere in the shape of interfering noises that occur on and off the stage while the story is in progress. These may be true to life, but so long as we must grant the removal of one side of the wall to get a view of the stage, we should be allowed to grant other things that assist rather than obscure the clear understanding.

Patrick Kearney, the author, who evidently has considerable powers of invention, should not have given us such a bald first act of excessive talk nor have had to resort to a drunken party to fill up a half-hour. The mere fact that in spite of these drawbacks the closing parts of the play are really absorbing shows of what good stage material he has compounded his dramatic fable, which relates the struggle of a weakling to become a "man's man" (meaning a rounder) and his frail wife, who goes wrong in a feverish desire to become a movie actress.

Dwight Frye as the young husband and Josephine Hutchinson as the young wife give very convincing performances.

THOSE playgoers who enjoy stage pictures of hokum life may find much to please them in *Apple Sauce*, now on view at the Ambassador. Designed last year for a metropolitan hearing, the tour was changed and into Chicago the piece went, running there for the rest of the season. The taste of the Windy City is not always endorsed by New Yorkers, and it is a fair question whether it will duplicate here its original success. It is really excellent of its kind, the comedy comparing well with such transcendent successes as *The First Year* and *The Show-Off*. Personally, I'm just a trifle fed up with those local geniuses who neither work nor spin, but into whose lap the gods shower the most desirable gifts. This new variant of the *Sateve*-Allan Dinehart. Suave, cheery, lazy, he, of course, wins the girl, has his rent paid for him and starts life on nothing, with every indication of enduring success. The characters in this sketch are in a way conventional types, but the author has given them real life.



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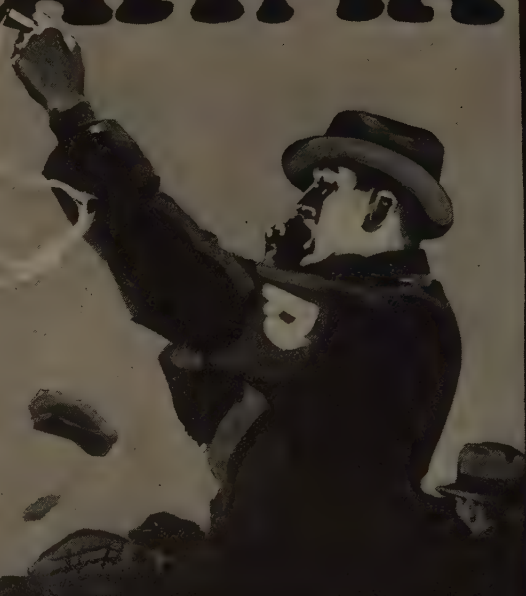
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They Want To Know—

Q. Would you be kind enough to send me the history of Robert Armstrong, now appearing in *Is Zat So?*—Lola Baker, 233 West Seventy-seventh Street.

A. Robert Armstrong was born in Saginaw, Michigan. He began to show interest in the theatre while attending the University of Washington, where he organized the first dramatic society at the school. Inspired by his uncle, who had written "Alias Jimmy Valentine," he wrote several college skits. Upon graduating he wrote, directed and starred in a singing act called "A Campus Rehearsal," in which he toured the Sullivan and Concertide Circuit. After his vaudeville work, where he had become a head-liner, Armstrong secured a part in a play called "The Bank's Half Million." When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the infantry and emerged a lieutenant. After the war he played the juvenile heavy in "Honey Girl," which engagement was followed by a season of stock in Asheville, later being featured in "The Man Who Came Back." His subsequent engagement was with James Gleason, who was in charge of the Players' Guild in Milwaukee, where Armstrong played the part in "Is Zat So?" which is now attracting so much attention on Broadway.

Q. What was the last musical comedy in which Hazel Dawn appeared in New York?—R. A. C., Pittsburgh.

A. "Keep Cool."

Q. Will you let me know the name of the play in which Mary Pickford appeared on the legitimate stage about eighteen years ago? The play I have in mind was put on by Mr. Belasco.—R. O. K., Troy, N. Y.

A. Mary Pickford appeared in two plays under the Belasco management—"The Good Little Devil" and "The Warrens of Virginia."

Q. Will you kindly let me know the name of the producer, also the date of a play called "The Country Boy," presented in New York City some years ago?—Florence Darcy.

A. August 30, 1910, by Henry B. Harris.

Q. Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the actor who played opposite Ina Claire in *Grounds for Divorce* last season?—M. J. S.

A. Philip Merivale.

Q. What were some of the important rôles in which Mary Anderson appeared?—Nathan Drucker, New York.

A. Parthenia, Juliet, Evadne, Meg Merrilies, Bianca and Galatea.

Q. Who wrote *The Easiest Way*?—Blanche Eckhardt, Fort Lee.

A. Eugene Walker.

Q. When and in what play did Edwin Booth make his farewell appearance?—Dorothy Forrest, Virginia.

A. Edwin Booth made no formal farewell to the stage, but his last ap-

pearance was as Hamlet at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on April 4, 1891.

Q. When was *The Prisoner of Zenda* first given and who played Prince Rudolph?—I. Lansing, Rochester.

A. September 4, 1895. E. H. Southern played the Prince.

Q. Did Margaret Anglin appear with Richard Mansfield?—L. G. H.

A. Yes. She played Roxanne in Mansfield's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Q. Who played the rôles of Carol and Will Kennicott in the stage production of *Main Street*?—Corinne Burger, New York.

A. Alma Tell and McKay Morris.

Q. What was the first play written by Elmer Rice?—S. Drake.

A. On Trail.

Q. In what popular plays has Katharine Cornell appeared?—C. P. W.

A. In "Little Women," "Nice People," "The Enchanted Cottage," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Will Shakespeare," "Casanova," "Candida," etc.

Q. Who created the title-rôle of *Candida* in this country?—E. N. T.

A. Dorothy Donnelly.

Q. Who played Romeo to Maude Adams' Juliet?—M. Norris, New York.

A. William Faversham.

Q. Who was the first to play Dick Johnson in Belasco's production of *The Girl of the Golden West*?—Thomas Uhland, New York.

A. Robert Hilliard.

Q. In what play did John Barrymore make his initial stage appearance? When? Where?—Anne Leight, Larchmont.

A. October 31, 1903, at Cleveland's Theatre in Chicago, playing Max in "Magda" opposite Nance O'Neil.

Q. Who was the producer of *Catskill Dutch*?—D. Jackson, Flushing.

A. Richard Herndon.

Q. Who played opposite Fay Bainter in *The Lady Cristilinda*?—Harry Schneider, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. Leslie Howard played the rôle of the young artist.

Q. Where and when was Dorothy Donnelly born?—Ellen McGlynn, Philadelphia.

A. New York City, 1880.

Q. What was the first rôle that Cyril Keightley played in America? When?—L. G. H., Rochester, N. Y.

A. He made his American début in 1908 at the Lyceum Theatre, New York City, playing Count Andre de Juvingy in "Love Watches."

Q. Was Sarah Bernhardt ever married?—Ruth Olcott, Flushing.

A. Yes. She married a Greek named Damala, better known on the stage as Dara. The ceremony was performed in London, April, 1882. The marriage lasted only one year.

(Continued on page 74)

J. M. LANSINGER, *Publisher*H. N. SWANSON, *Editor*

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The Best Comedy in America

Volume Seven

DECEMBER, 1925

Number One

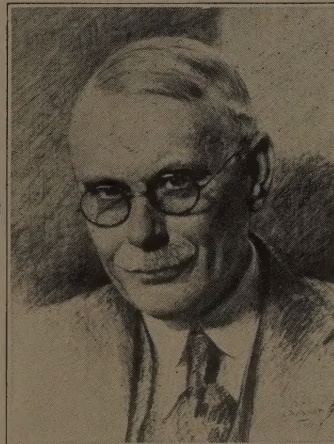
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They Want to Know—

(Continued from page 72)

Q. What was Maude Adams' first "star" part?—M. Hammond.

A. Maude Adams' first appearance as a star was as Lady Babbie in Barrie's "The Little Minister."

Q. Where was Josef Schildkraut born and when?—R. J. W.

A. He was born March 22, 1896, in Vienna.

Q. What other plays beside *The Fool and The Enemy* did Channing Pollock write?—L. K., Chicago.

A. He wrote "A Game of Hearts," "The Little Gray Lady," "Napoleon the Great" and he dramatized the novels "The Pit," "In the Bishop's Carriage" and "The Secret Orchard."

Q. Can you give me a short account of Elsie Janis' career?—A. Miller.

A. Elsie Janis was born in Columbus, Ohio. She made her New York debut at the Casino Theatre Roof Garden in vaudeville, where she was billed as Little Elsie. Her first great success was in "The Vanderbilt Cup." She then went under the management of Charles Dillingham, appearing in "The Hoyden," "The Fair Co-Ed," "The Slim Princess" and "The Lady of the Slipper." She first appeared in London in 1914 at the Palace in "The Passing Show." On her return to America she produced her own review. Recently she has been filling concert engagements. Last season she was seen in "Puzzles of 1925."

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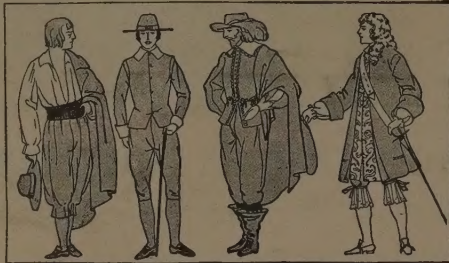
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